

FEATURING

STRONGMAN

THE
PERFECT HUMAN

CRASH

COMICS

ADVENTURES

10¢

JULY

NO 3

THE NEW SENSATION

SHANGRA
BUCK BURKE
BLUE STREAK



A collage of various comic book covers from the mid-20th century, including titles like 'Supermouse', 'Startling Comics', 'Jetta', 'Mystery Comics', 'Fantastic Tales', 'Cosmo Cat', 'Strange Mysteries', 'Daring Adventures', 'Exciting Comics', 'Famous Funnies', 'Hill Country', 'Teen-Age Sweetheart', 'Barnyard Comics', 'Eerie', 'Casper Cat', and 'Daring Adventures'. A large, stylized speech bubble in the center contains the text 'WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM'.

PRICE GOES UP AFTER THIS SALE

Boys PRINT

CARDS • CUTS
TICKETS • LABELS
from real
PRINTER'S METAL TYPE
with PRINTER'S INK



11 inches
High

**SPECIAL
DURING THIS SALE**

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2

The "LITTLE-MAN"
works like famous
GORDON PRESS

You get real experience—learn to set-type, lock up forms, read proof, make ready, get okays, feed the press—learn to love the smell of printer's ink and know the magic of taking a blank piece of paper and printing words that move people, after the manner of Franklin, Greeley, etc. **EXPERIENCE WORTH \$100.** Learning to print is worth a lot. You can print for profit, make money; or for pleasure. You learn an important business. Thousands of big advertising and newspaper men got started in this very way.

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PECK BROTHERS

2921 Whitney Ave., Mt. Carmel, Conn.

AMT. ENC.

Send One Little-Man Printing Outfit, \$2.60 C.O.D. (Pacific Coast \$2.85). Cash \$2.35. Extra type 50c.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Vol. 1 — No. 3

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AMAZING NEW ONE-MAN SHOP

For the first time you can now get a boy's printing press built with parts stamped out like auto bodies — lighter, stronger and cheaper than castings—the idea that makes possible this **LOW price.**

COMES COMPLETE

Equipment includes substantially built, **ALL STEEL** press, mechanically operated rubber inking roller, 3x3½ inches steel type chase, 138 piece set of 12 point Gotic type, en and em quads, thin spaces, rigglets, lock-up screws, ink, paper and step-by-step instructions, easily followed. Extra type 50c.

Prints with
**STANDARD HEIGHT
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SEND NO MONEY

—unless you wish.

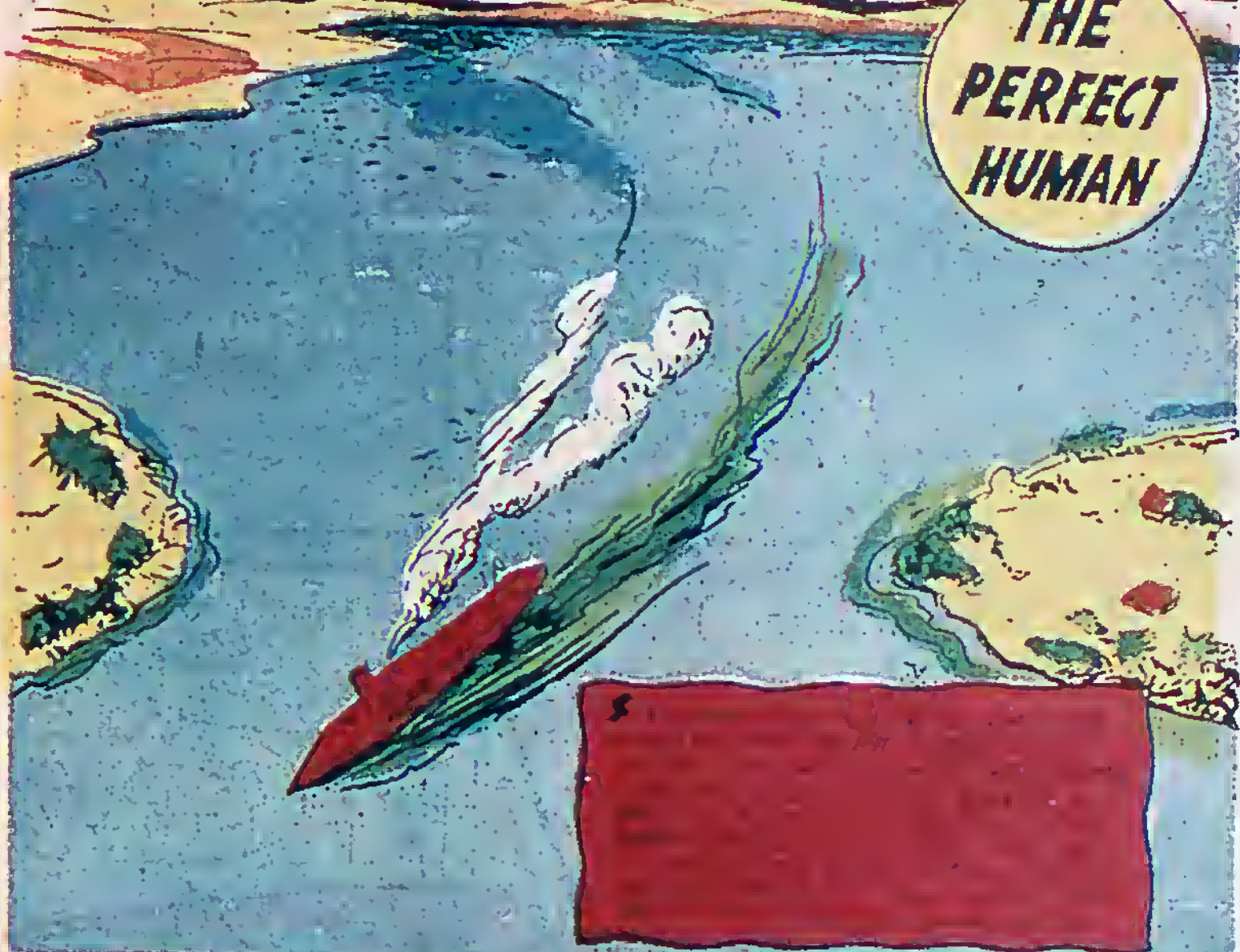
When the postman brings your press pay \$2 plus 60c for charges (Pacific Coast \$2.85). OR, if you prefer attach \$2 plus 35c postage and **SAVE** the C.O.D. fee.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Extra Type - 50c Type Case-50c
Extra Spaces 2000 pc.
and Quads 50c Paper - - 50c

STRONGMAN

**THE
PERFECT
HUMAN**



WHAT'S THE
MATTER SPARKS?

I'VE PICKED UP A MYST-
ERIOUS CODE
MESSAGE. I'D BETTER
TAKE IT TO MR VAN
NORTON

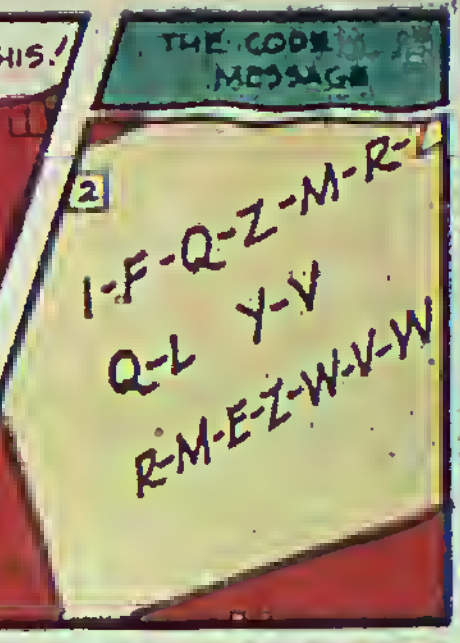


I PICKED UP THIS SPECTACULAR
MESSAGE SIR

LET ME SEE IT
SPARKS



HMMMMM! I MUST TRY TO DECIPHER THIS!
IT MAY BE OF INTERNATIONAL
IMPORTANCE!



THE CODE
MESSAGE

1-F-Q-Z-M-R-L
Q-L Y-V
R-M-E-Z-W-V-W



LATER

I'VE GOT IT! I'VE
BROKEN THE
CODE!

THE MESSAGE DECODED

1-F-Q-Z-M-R-L Q-L Y-V
R-U-T-A-N-I-A TO BE
R-M-E-Z-W-V-W
I-N-V-A-D-E-D

WHY, RUTANIA IS A
SMALL BALKAN KING-
DOM! ITS NEIGHBOR,
AISSUR, IS A DICTATORSHIP
WITH MILLIONS OF SOLDIERS.
I MUST TRY TO STOP THIS INTER-
NATIONAL CRIME!



SUDDENLY
A SAILOR ON LOOK-
OUT DUTY SEES--

PERISCOPE OFF THE PORT BOW!

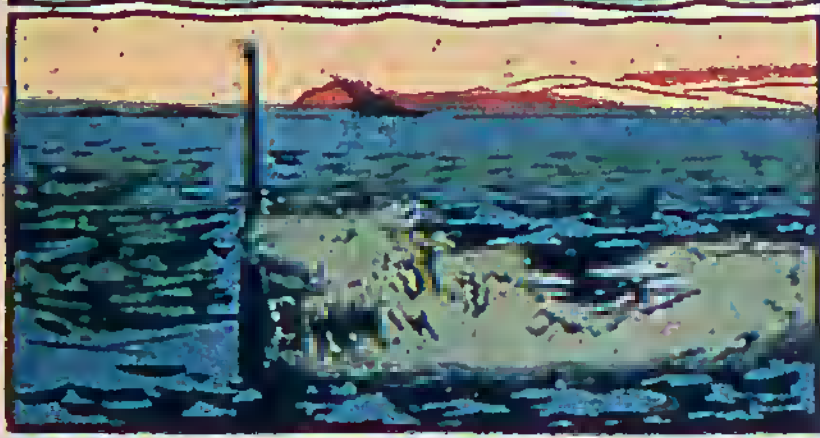
YOU'VE CHANGED
THE YACHT'S COURSE,
PERCY. WHERE ARE
WE GOING NOW?

TO RUTANIA-
KING LORAC IS AN
OLD FRIEND OF
MY FATHER'S!

THAT'S SWELL,
WE'LL HAVE
FUN THERE!



THE PERISCOPE OF A RUTHLESS SUBMARINE



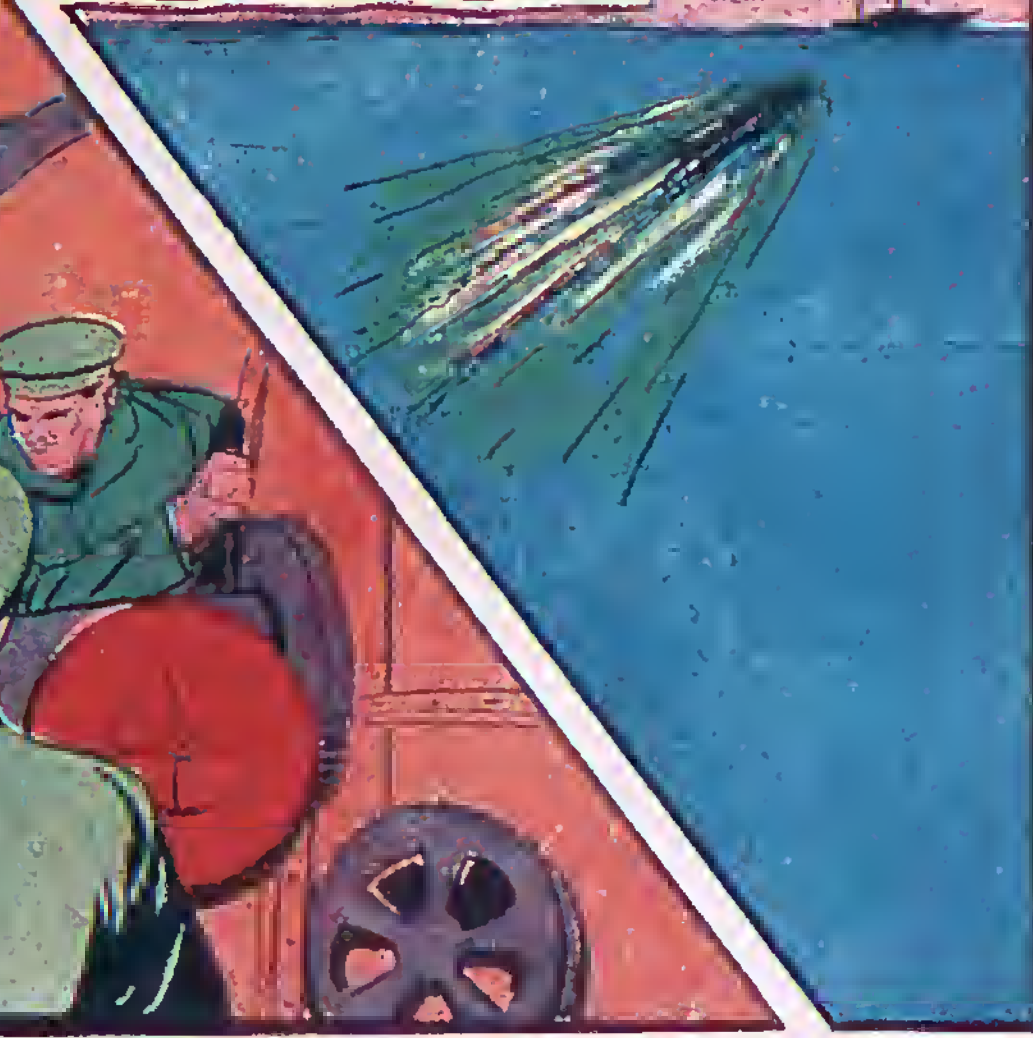
THE SUB RISES TO THE SURFACE



WITHIN THE SUB



THE DEADLY TORPEDO SPEEDS STRAIGHT FOR THE YACHT!



ON THE YACHT THERE IS PANIC



MEANWHILE, IN PERCY'S CABIN.



STRONGMAN SQUEEZES
A PORPOISE

IT'S A TIGHT FIT,
BUT I'LL MAKE IT!



UNNOTICED IN THE EXCITEMENT, HE
SLIPS INTO THE WATER.

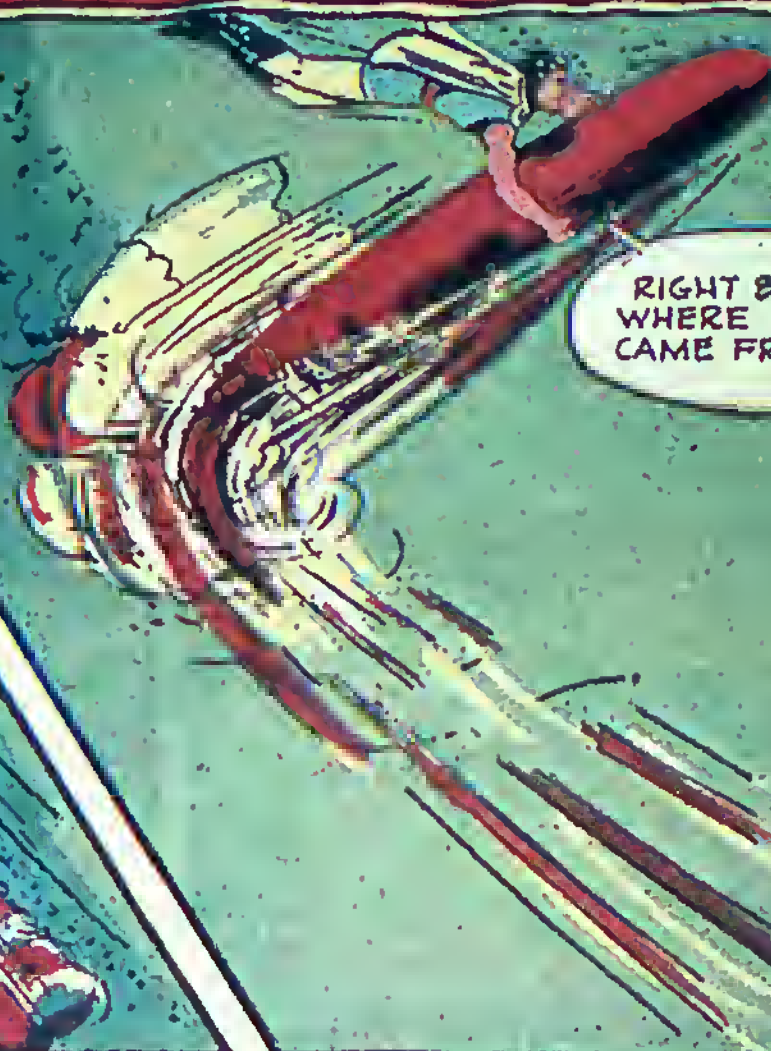
STRONGMAN SWIMS UNDER
TOWARDS THE TORPEDO

AH! THERE IT IS!
I'M IN TIME!

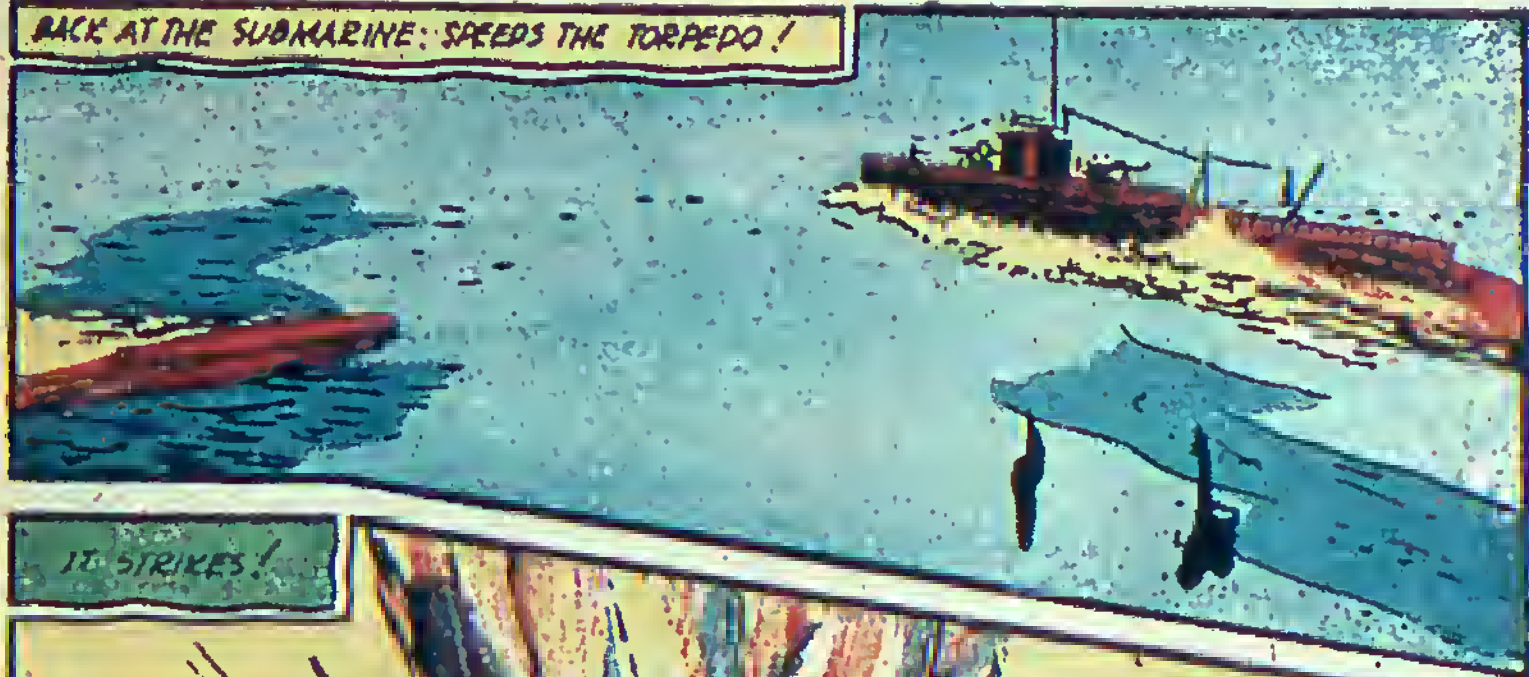


HE SEIZES IT! TURNS IT AROUND!

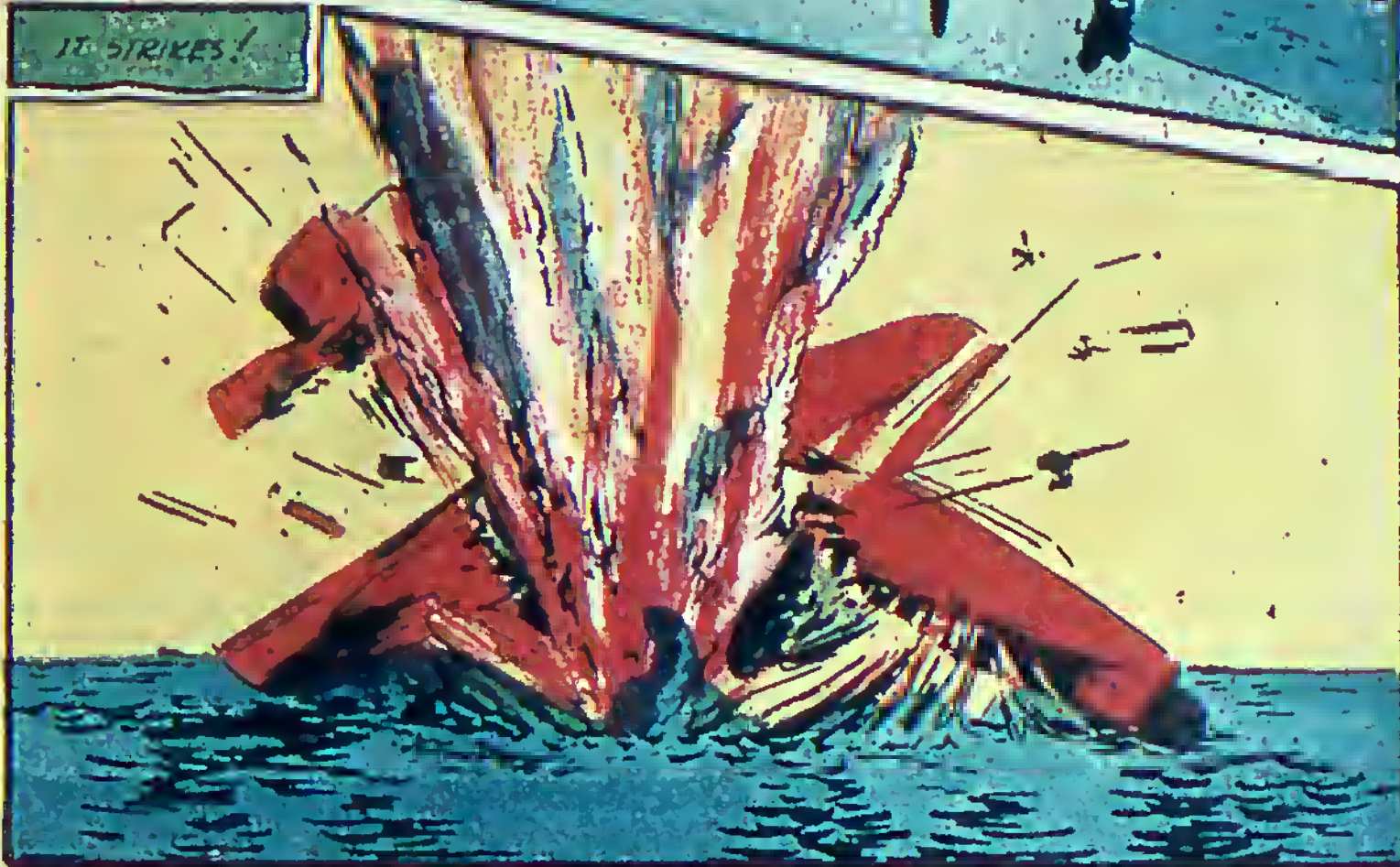
RIGHT BACK
WHERE YOU
CAME FROM!



BACK AT THE SUBMARINE: SPEEDS THE TORPEDO!



IT STRIKES!



THE TORPEDO BOOMER-
ANGED! A MIRACLE!

THEN WE WON'T
BE KILLED?



STRONGARM RETURNS TO
HIS CABIN.

NOW I'LL BE PERCY
AGAIN!



A FEW MINUTES LATER?

OH, PERCY, WE BARELY ES-
CAPED DEATH! AND I'LL
BET YOU WERE ASLEEP
THE WHOLE
TIME!

NOT QUITE
ASLEEP!



MEET HERE KING LORAC OF RUTANIA.

DO YOU BRING BAD NEWS?

YES, YOUR MAJESTY!
AISSUR HAS INVADED
RUTANIA WITHOUT WARNING!
DICTATOR NILATS DEMANDS
THAT WE YIELD!



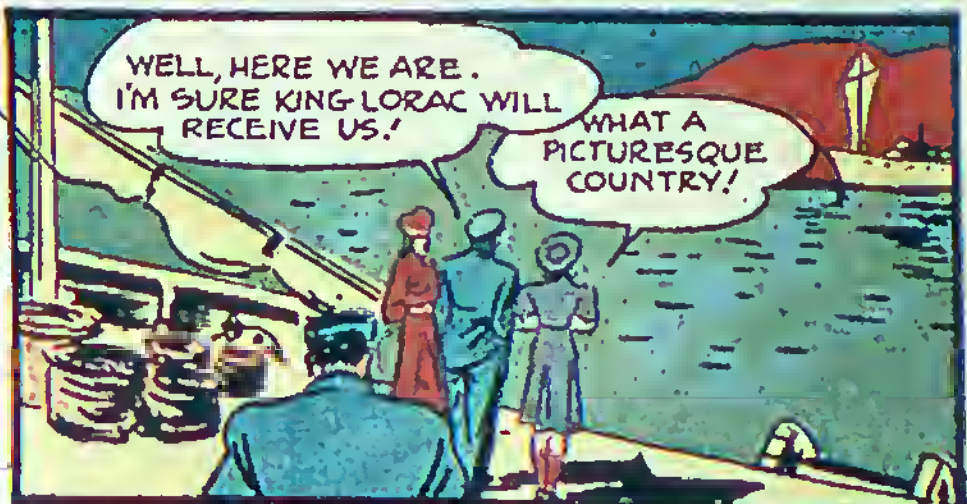
RUTANIA WILL NEVER
YIELD TO A DICTATOR
LIKE NILATS!
WE SHALL FIGHT TO THE
LAST MAN!

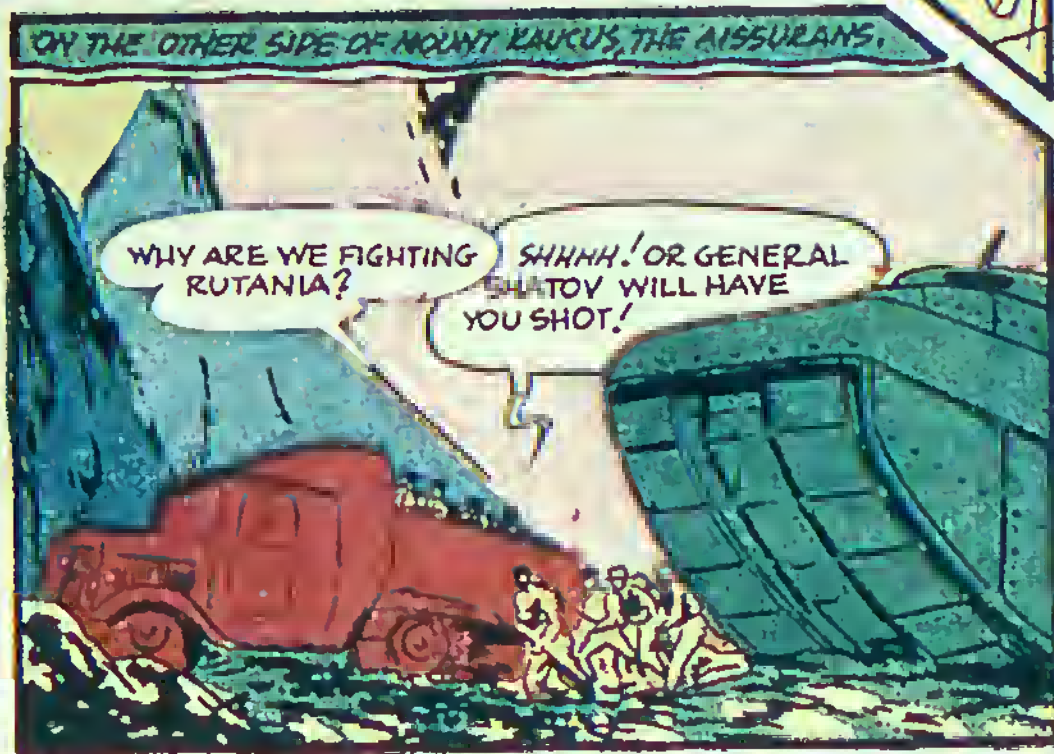
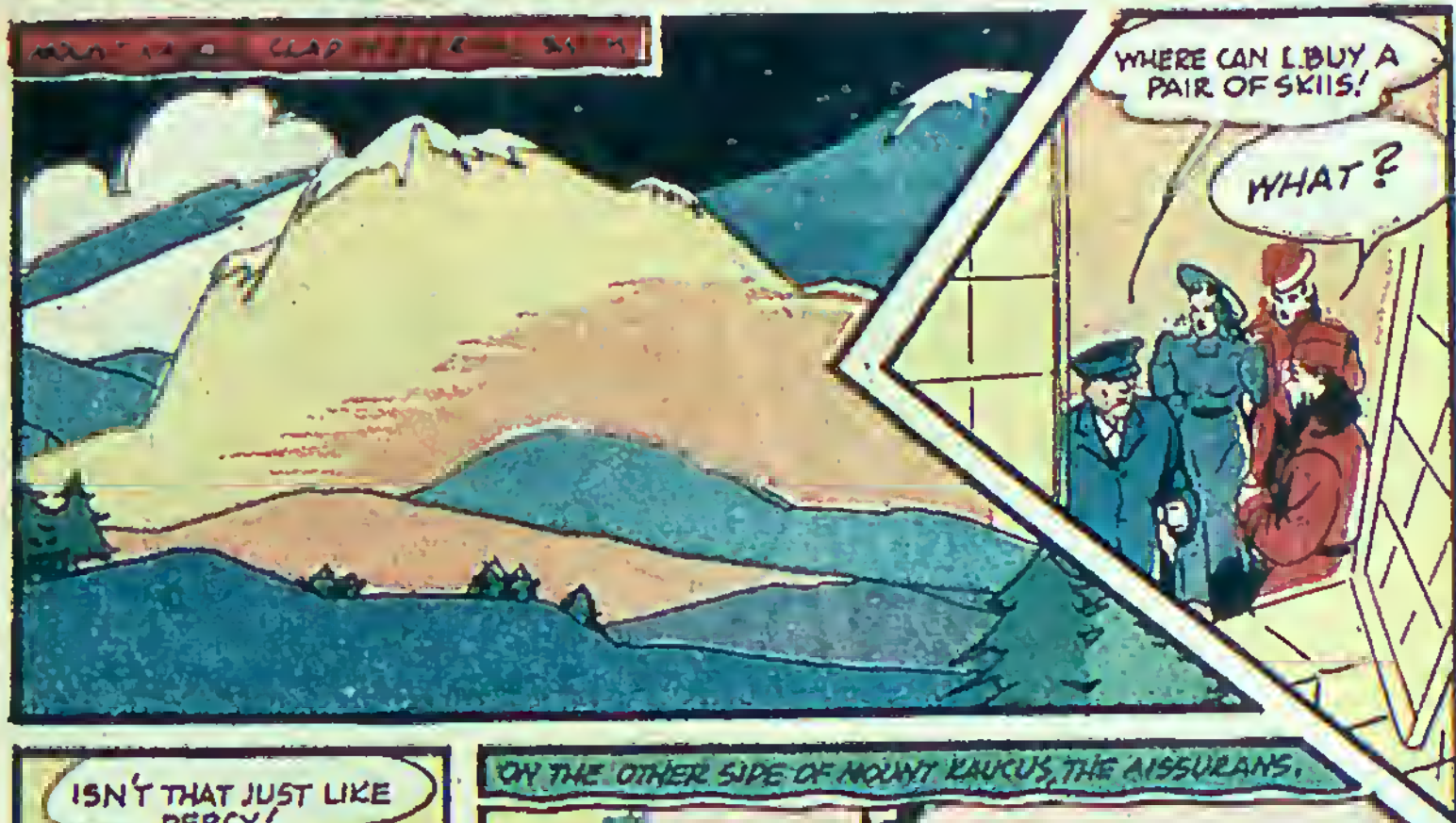
A FEW DAYS LATER THE YACHT ARRIVES IN RUTANIA



WELL, HERE WE ARE.
I'M SURE KING LORAC WILL
RECEIVE US!

WHAT A
PICTURESQUE
COUNTRY!





FIELD HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL SHATOV!

THE TROOPS MUST ADVANCE
AT ANY COST! NILATS WANTS
RUTANIA CONQUERED IN
TWO WEEKS!

MEANWHILE, PERCY

THESE SKIS WILL DO
NICELY THANK YOU!

ALL AMERICANS
ARE CRAZY!

IN A LONELY SPOT HE BECOMES
STRONGMAN

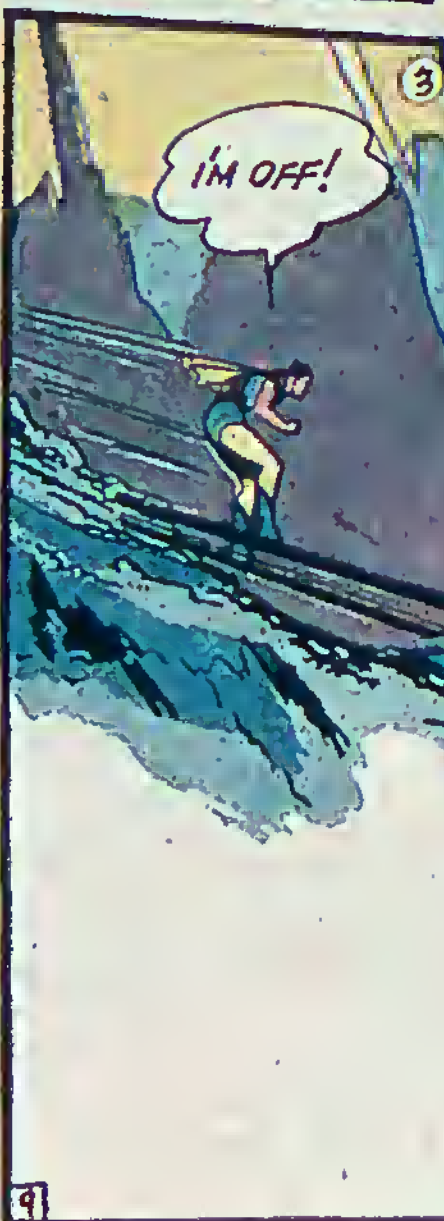
NOW, FOR MOUNT KAUCUS

STRONGMAN GOES LEAPING UP THE
RUGGED MOUNTAIN

HE
PLUNGES
THROUGH GREAT
SNOW FIELDS!

I'LL REACH THE
SNOWLINE SOON!

THIS MUST BE NEAR
THE TOP!





LOOK! THERE'S A MAN IN THE SKY!

IT'S A GHOST COMING TO PUNISH US!

STRONGMAN BEGINS TO DROP!

I'M RIGHT ABOVE THE AISSURANS NOW!

HE LANDS SQUARELY ON THE TROOPS!

KICKING OFF HIS SKIS, STRONGMAN GOES INTO ACTION!

YOU'RE BRAVE SOLDIERS, EH?

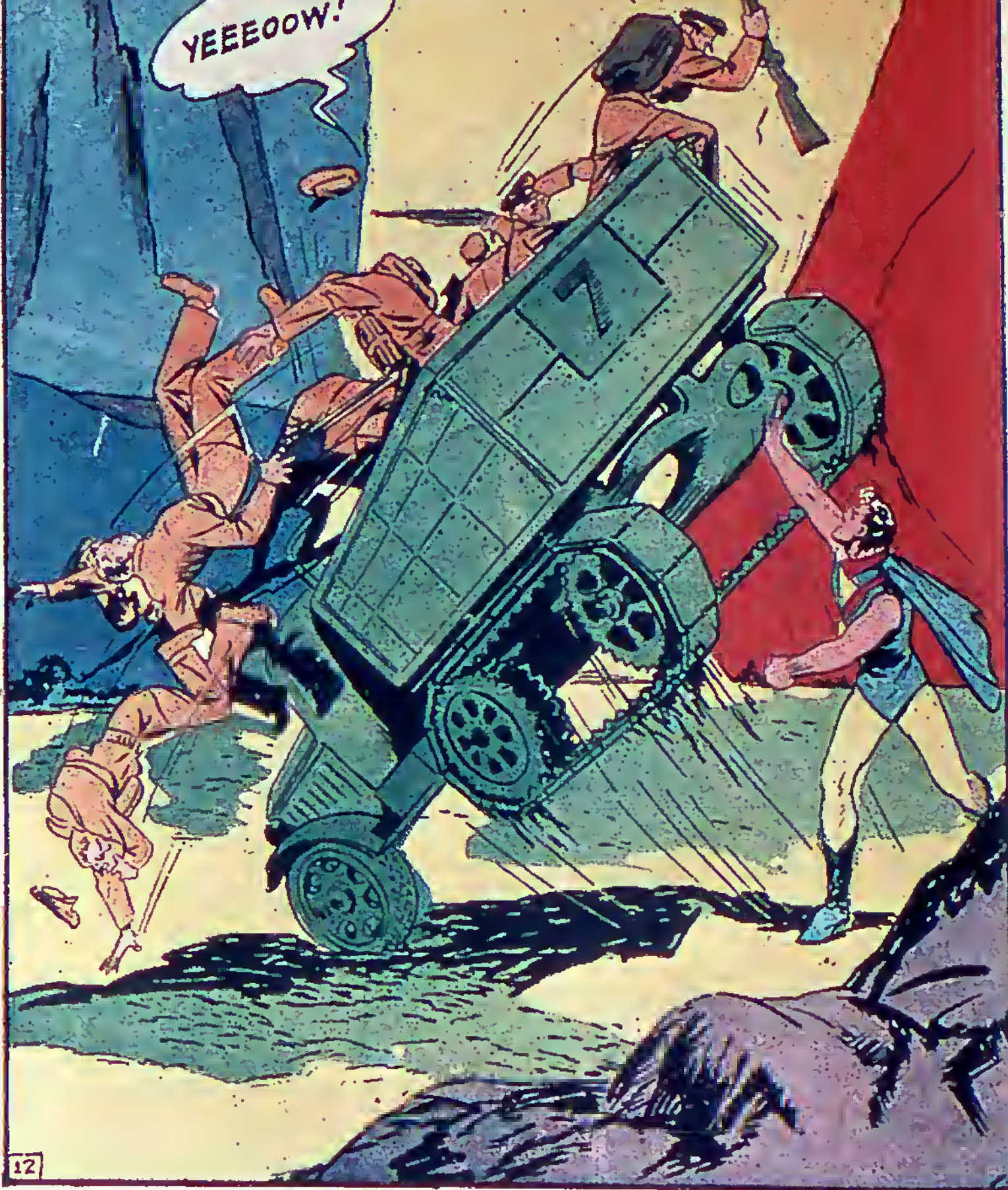
I'LL SHOW YOU
THAT WAR DOESN'T PAY!

HE IS A GHOST!
BULLETS DON'T
HURT HIM!

ANGERED AT THEIR REPEATED ATTACKS, STRONGMAN RUNS OVER TO THE TRANSPORT TRUCK, LIFTS UP THE REAR END AND TOSSES THE SOLDIERS TO THE GROUND!

EVERYBODY OUT!!

YEEEEOW!



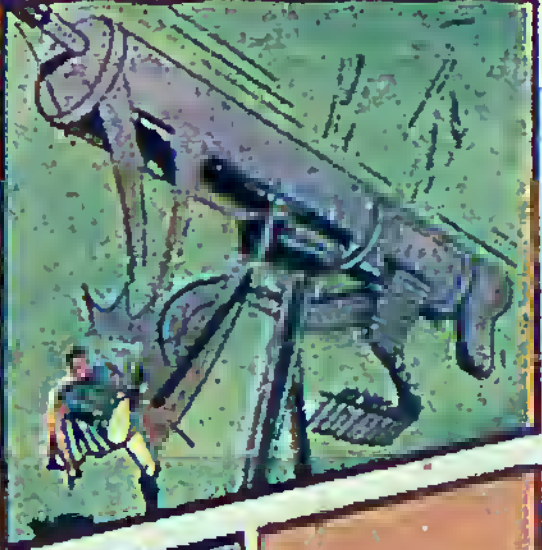
A MACHINE GUN OPENS FIRE!



BUT THE STRONGMAN RUNS



... AND KICKS IT INTO THE AIR



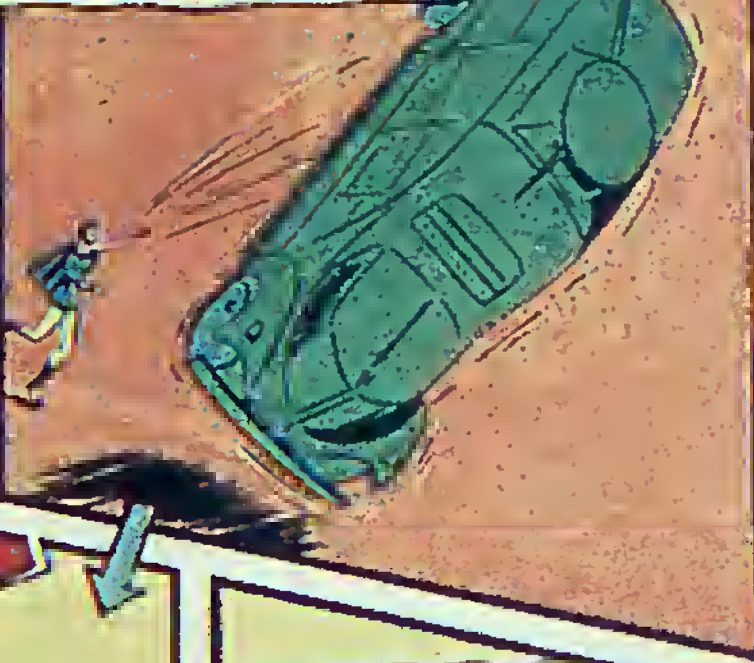
THE SOLDIERS FLEE IN TERROR!



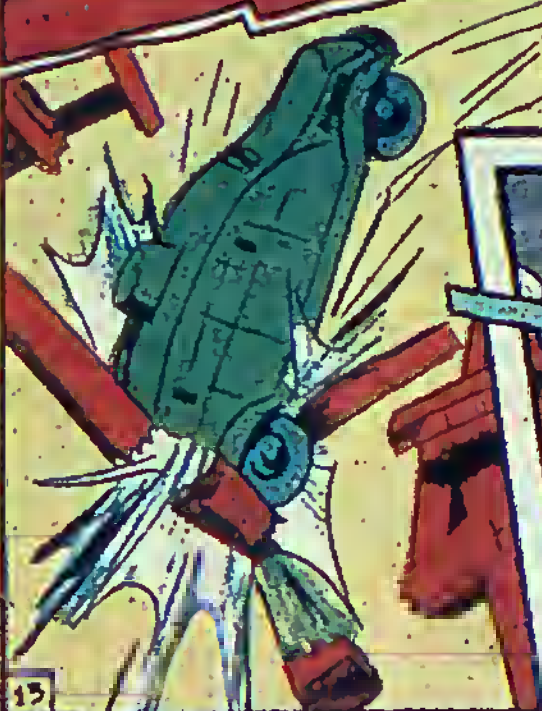
RUN! HE'LL KILL US ALL!

I KNEW THIS WAR WAS WRONG!

STRONGMAN HOISTS UP A HEAVY ARMORED CAR AND THROWS IT...



AT A WOODEN BRIDGE AND SMASHES IT COMPLETELY



THAT CUTS THEIR LINE OF COMMUNICATION!



THE ISOLATED BATTALION IS IN DESPERATE STRAITS.

OUR AMMUNITION'S GONE!

SO'S THE FOOD.
WE'RE LOST!



NILAT'S BATTALION
IS CUT TO PIECES
BY THE RUTAINIAN
TROOPS.

AT THEM, MEN!

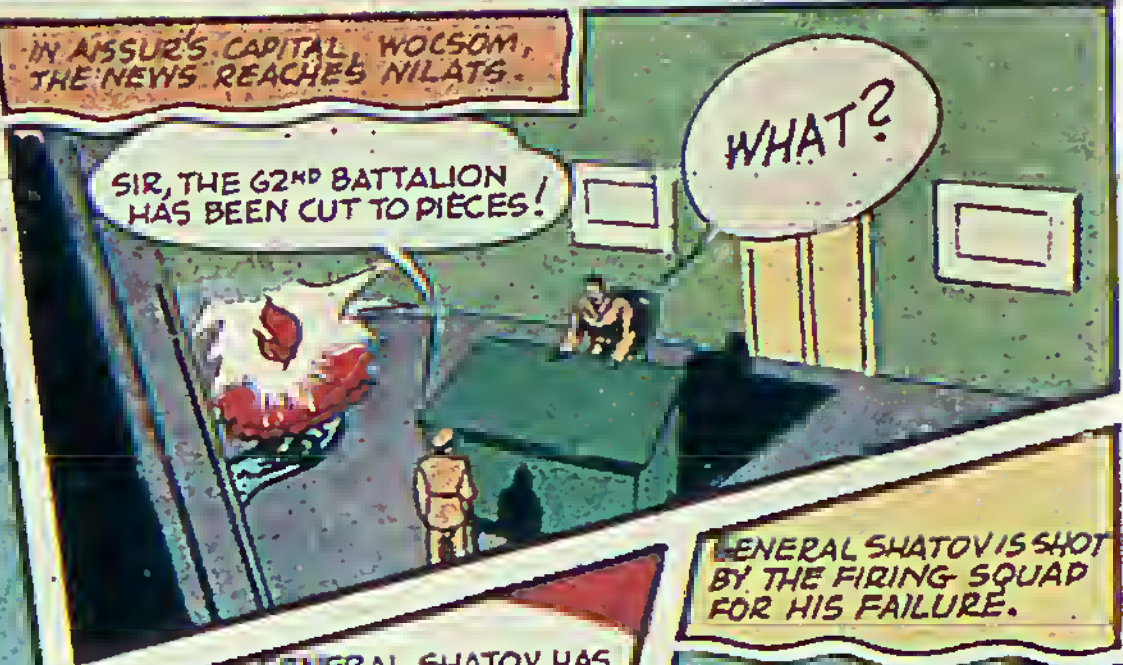
IT'S ALL
OVER!



IN ASSUR'S CAPITAL, WOLCSOM,
THE NEWS REACHES NILAT'S.

SIR, THE 62ND BATTALION
HAS BEEN CUT TO PIECES!

WHAT?



GENERAL SHATOV IS SHOT
BY THE FIRING SQUAD
FOR HIS FAILURE.

GENERAL SHATOV HAS
FAILED. HE MUST
PAY THE PRICE!



STRONGMAN
SPEEDS TO WOLCSOM.



HE APPROACHES
ATLAT'S STRONGHOLD

I THINK HIS
ROOM IS ON
THE FOURTH
FLOOR!

TWO SENTRIES BAR HIS PATH

HALT! OR WE FIRE!

FIRE AWAY!



THE OTHER SENTRY

THERE MUST BE
BLANKS IN
MY GUN.
I'VE SHOT
TWICE!

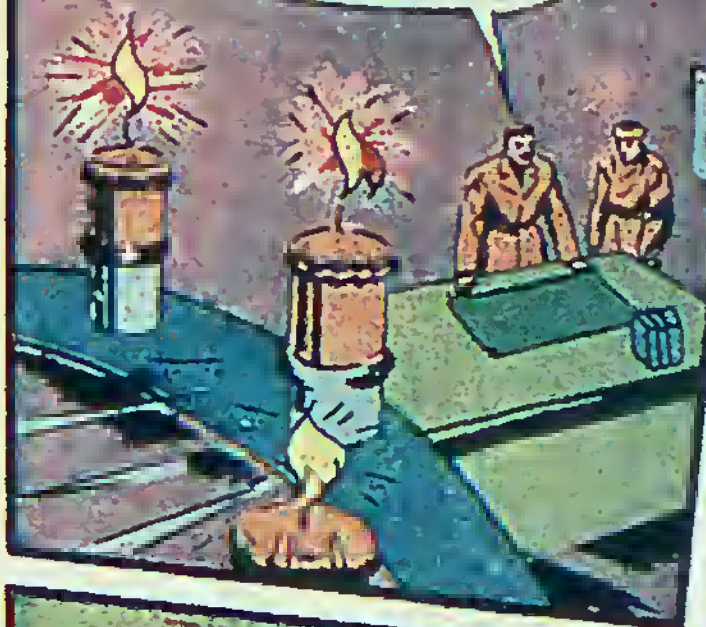
YOU WILL SHOOT NO MORE.

STRONGMAN SCALES THE
TOWER WALL



IN THE TOWER NILATS WORRIES.

I HAVE A FEELING OF DANGER.
MY SPECIAL CAR IS ALWAYS READY.
I'LL REACH IT THROUGH THE
SECRET PASSAGE!

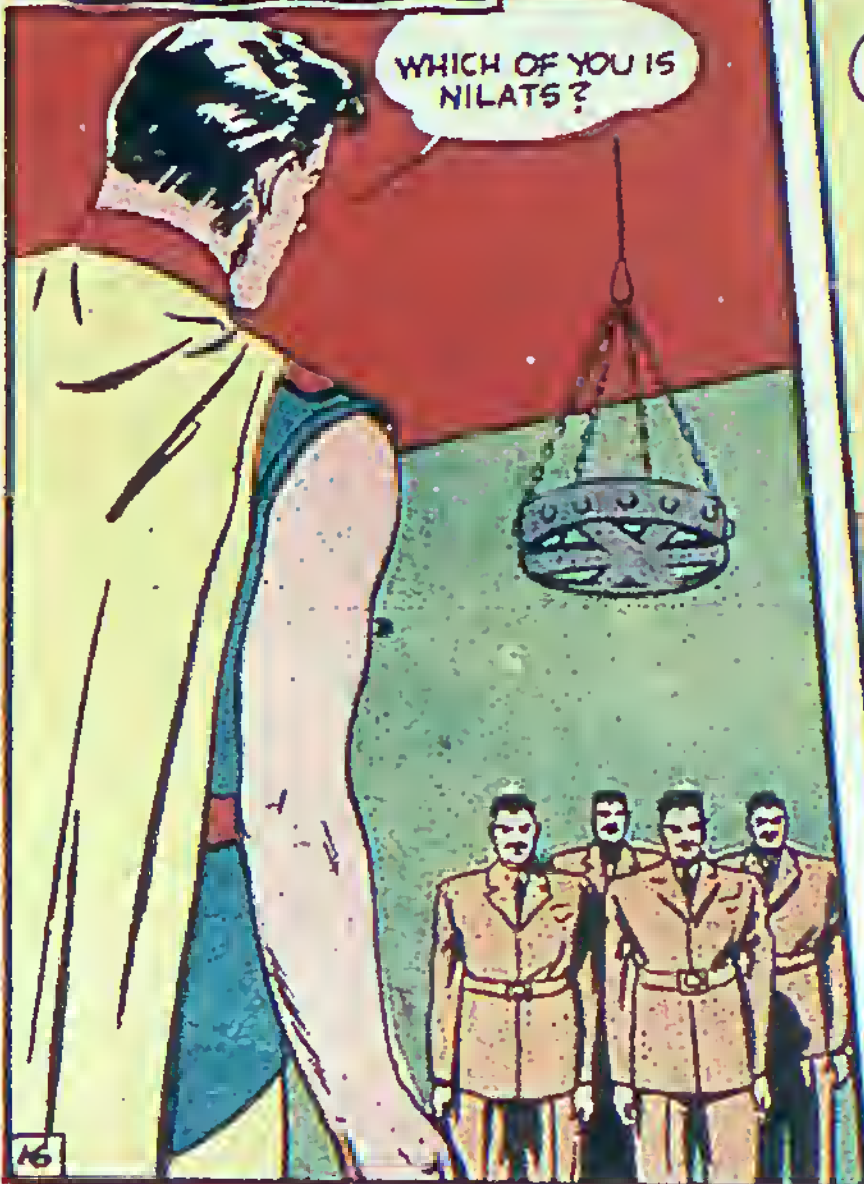


STRONGMAN CRASHES INTO THE TOWER.



BUT HE FINDS FOUR NILATS!

WHICH OF YOU IS
NILATS?



NONE OF US. WE'RE HIS FOUR
DOUBLES!

THE REAL NILATS HAS
HAS FLED IN HIS CAR!



STRONGMAN GAZES OUT THE WINDOW

YES, I SEE HIM NOW!

STRONGMAN SPEEDS TO AN AIRFIELD

OUT OF MY WAY!
I'LL TAKE THAT PLANE!

IN THE PLANE'S CABIN.

HE TAKES OFF IN THE PLANE.

I'LL FOLLOW THAT CAR!

FIRST, I'LL STRAPON THIS PARACHUTE!

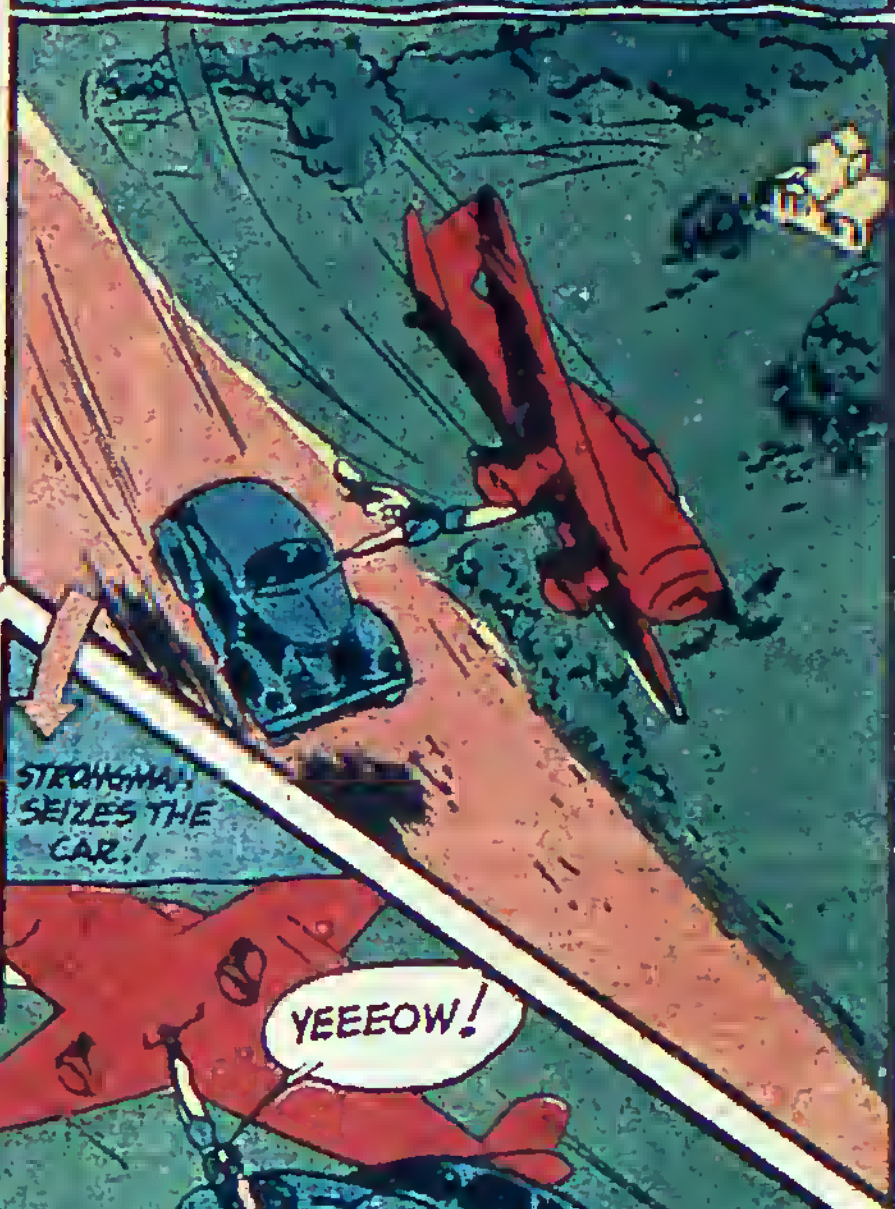
STRONGMAN
SETS THE AUTO-
MATIC PILOT OF THE PLANE

THIS WILL CAUSE
THE PLANE TO
SWOOP LOW, OVER
THE CAR!

HE GETS OUT AND UNDER THE PLANE

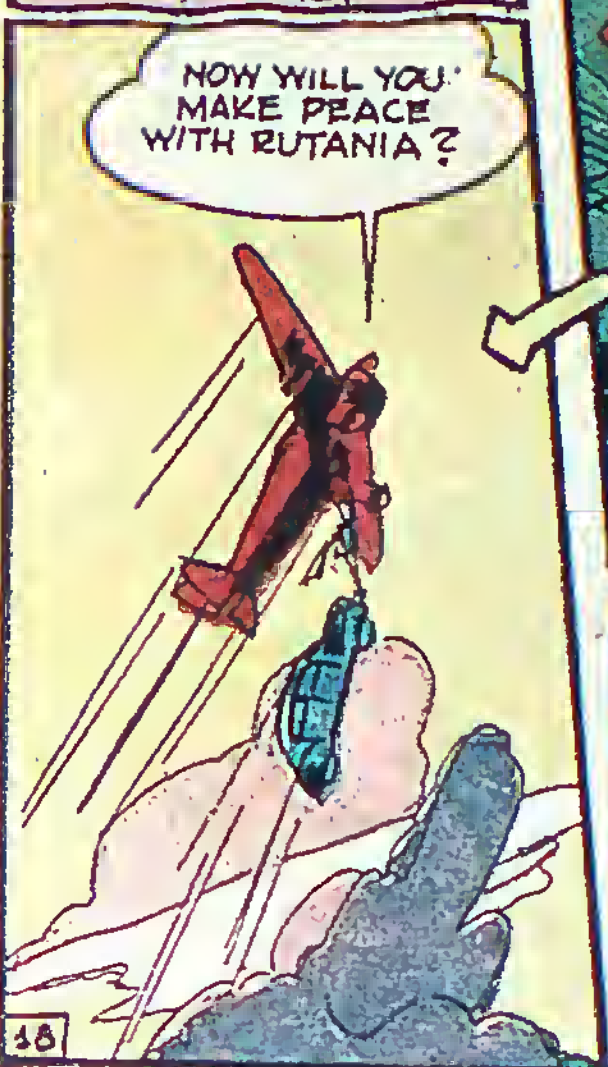


THE PLANE SHOOPS LOW OVER NILAT'S CAR



HIGH INTO THE AIR ZOOMS THE PLANE

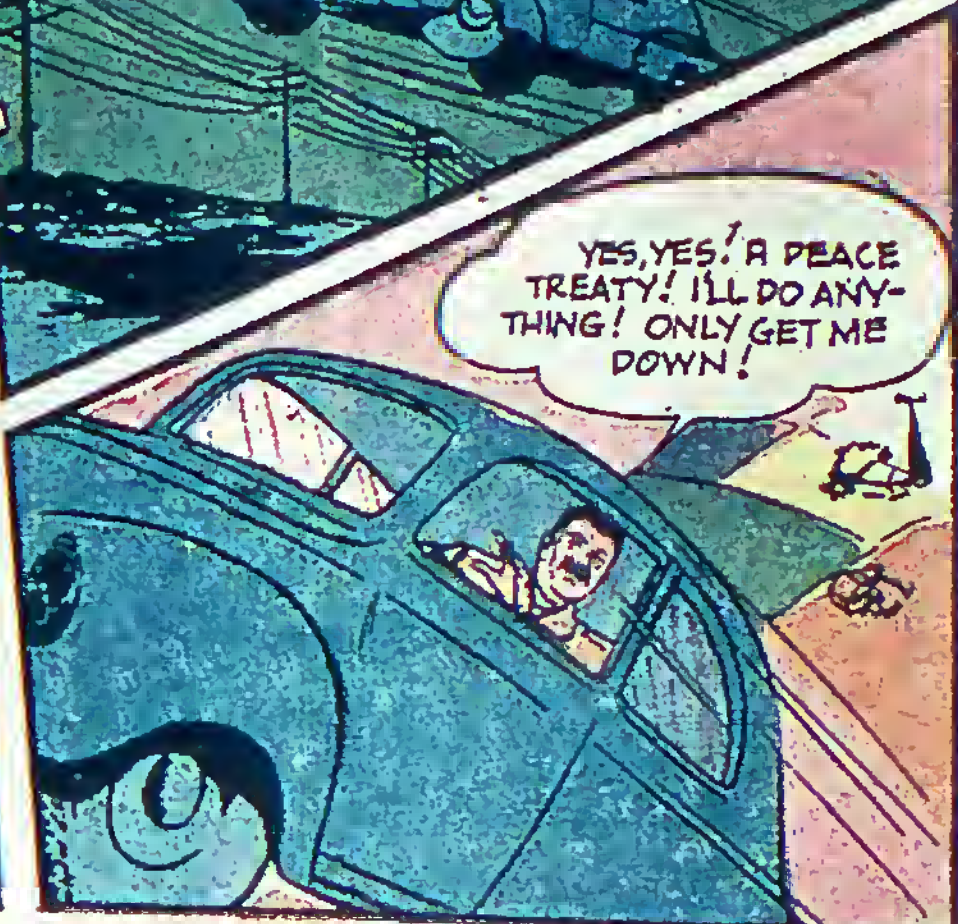
NOW WILL YOU
MAKE PEACE
WITH RUTANIA?



STROHEMAN
SEIZES THE
CAR!

YEEEOW!

YES, YES! A PEACE
TREATY! I'LL DO ANY-
THING! ONLY GET ME
DOWN!



STRONGMAN LETS GO OF THE PLANE WITH HIS FEET!

NOW, TO PULL THE RIPCORD OF THE CHUTE!

THE CHUTE OPENS.

WE'LL SOON BE DOWN!

OH H H H H H H H H!!

A SAFE LANDING IS MADE.

NOW YOU REMEMBER THE PEACE TREATY, OR I'LL...

YES, YES, PEACE. I KNOW WHEN I AM BEATEN!

LATER

PERCY, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? THERE'S TO BE A PARTY AT THE PALACE. DON'T YOU KNOW THAT THE WAR IS OVER!

I'VE JUST BEEN LOAFING ABOUT!

PERCY, I THINK YOU ARE THE LAZIEST, MOST USELESS MAN IN THE WHOLE WORLD!

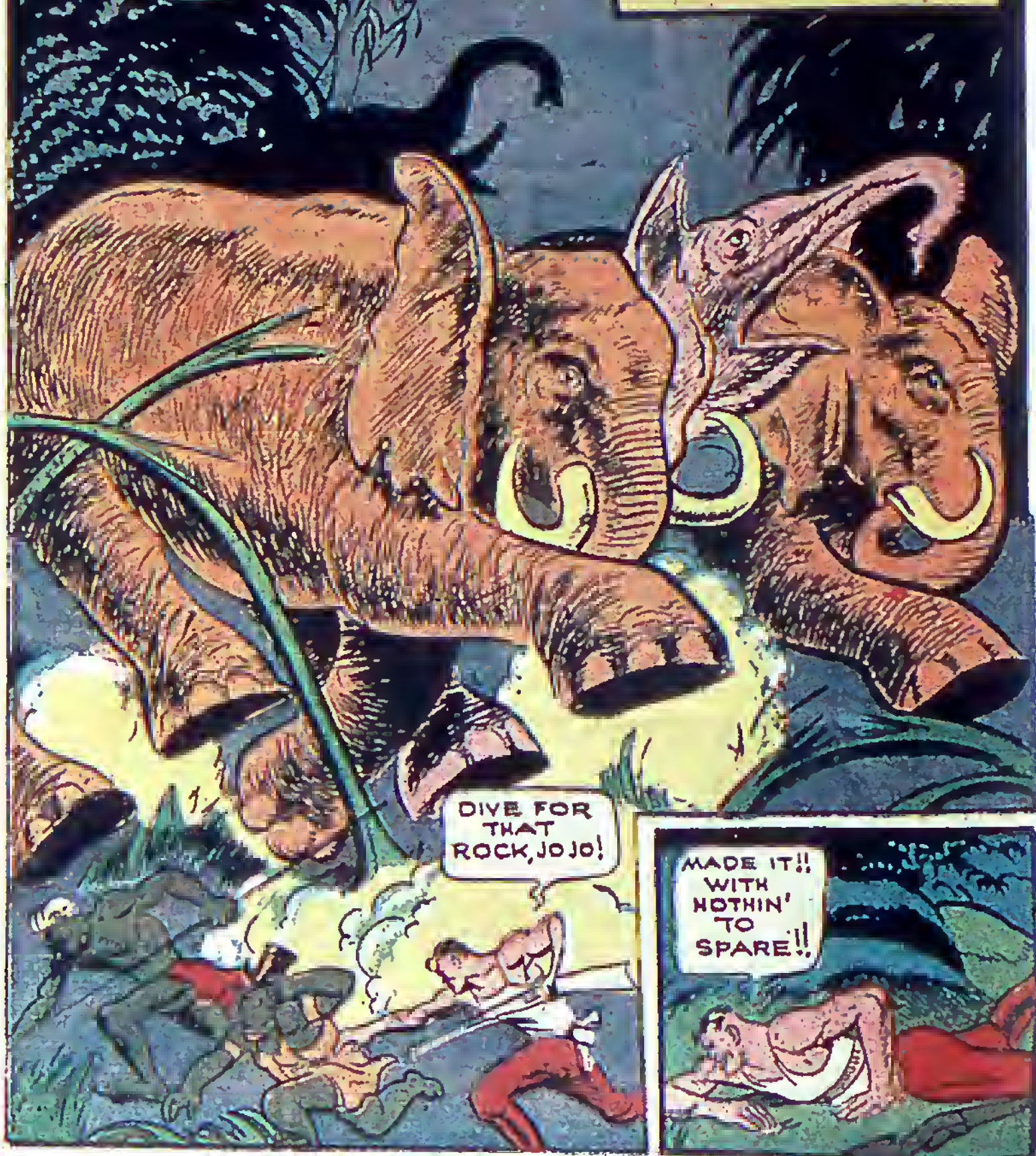
ER-ER...! YES! I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT! AHEM!

FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF STRONGMAN IN EACH ISSUE OF
CRASH COMICS!

BUCK BURKE

HE GETS
'EM
ALIVE!!

BUCK BURKE, A YOUNG
ZOOLOGIST COMMISSIONED
TO CAPTURE WILD
ANIMALS FOR AMERICAN
ZOOS CONSTRUCTS A
PEN TO ENTRAP A
HUGE BULL ELEPHANT!
AT THE LAST MOMENT
THE HERD TURNS AND
STAMPEDES WILDLY
TOWARD BURKE AND
THE BLACKS!!



DIVE FOR
THAT
ROCK, JOJO!

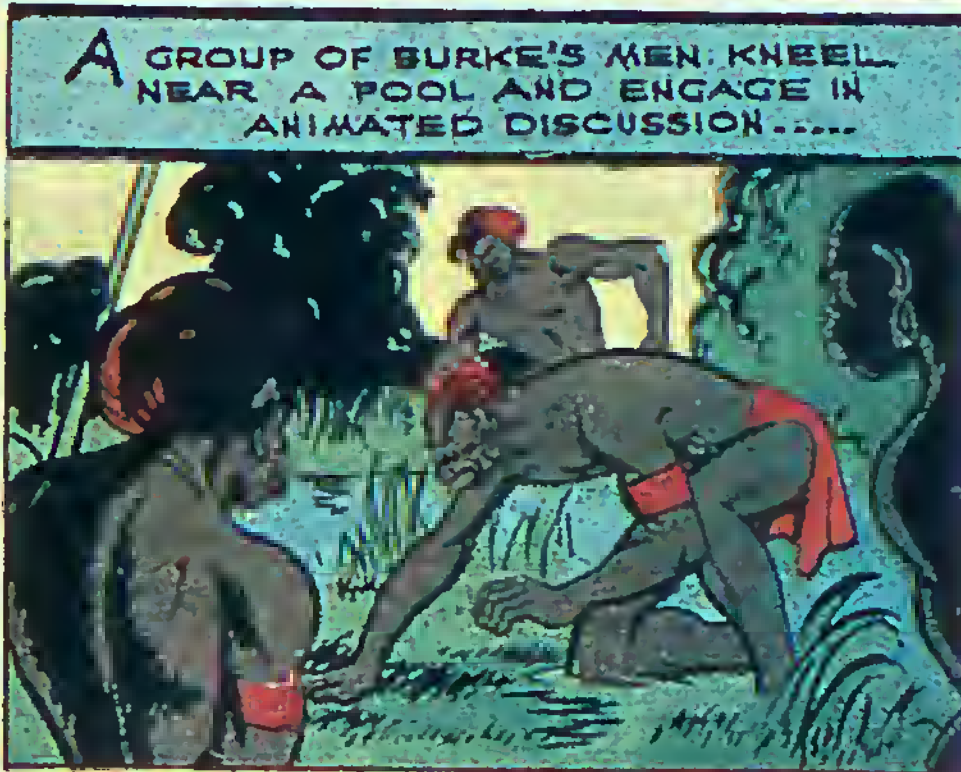
MADE IT!!
WITH
NOTHIN'
TO
SPARE!!



PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER, JOJO! I EXPECTED TO FIND YOU FLATTENED OUT LIKE A BLOTTER!!



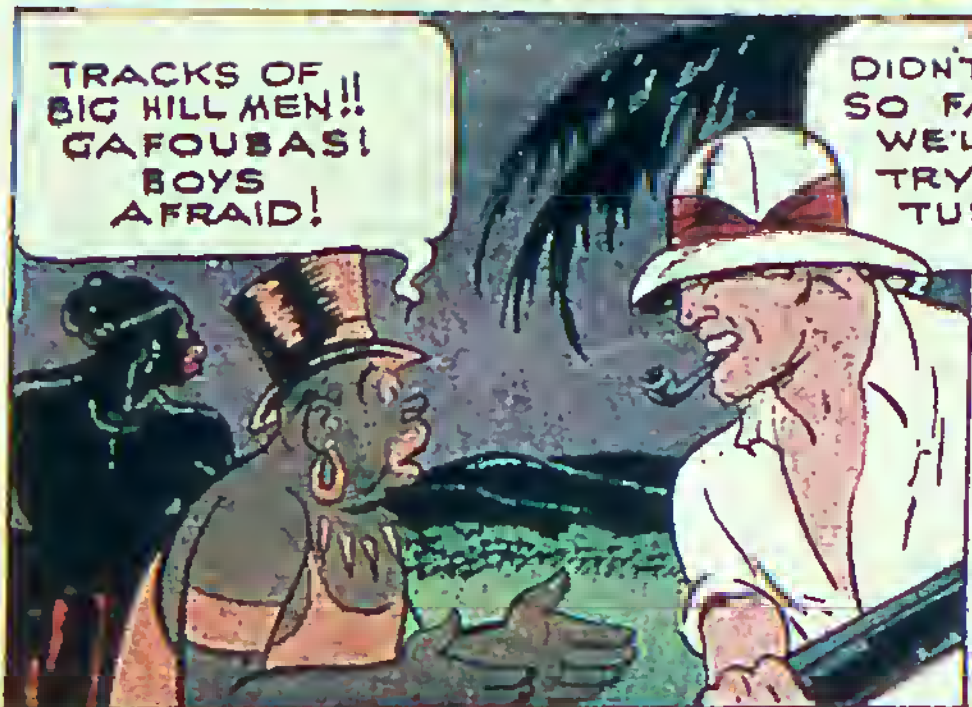
WE'LL HAVE A SWEET TIME ROUNDING UP THAT HERD AGAIN.. BUT IT'S GOT TO BE DONE! THE TROUBLE IS WE HAVEN'T GOT ENOUGH MEN!!



A GROUP OF BURKE'S MEN KNEEL NEAR A POOL AND ENGAGE IN ANIMATED DISCUSSION.....



FIND OUT WHAT THOSE BOYS ARE UP TO, JO JO, AND TELL THEM TO GET ON THE FLANK OF THAT HERD!!



TRACKS OF BIG HILL MEN!! GAFUBAS! BOYS AFRAID!

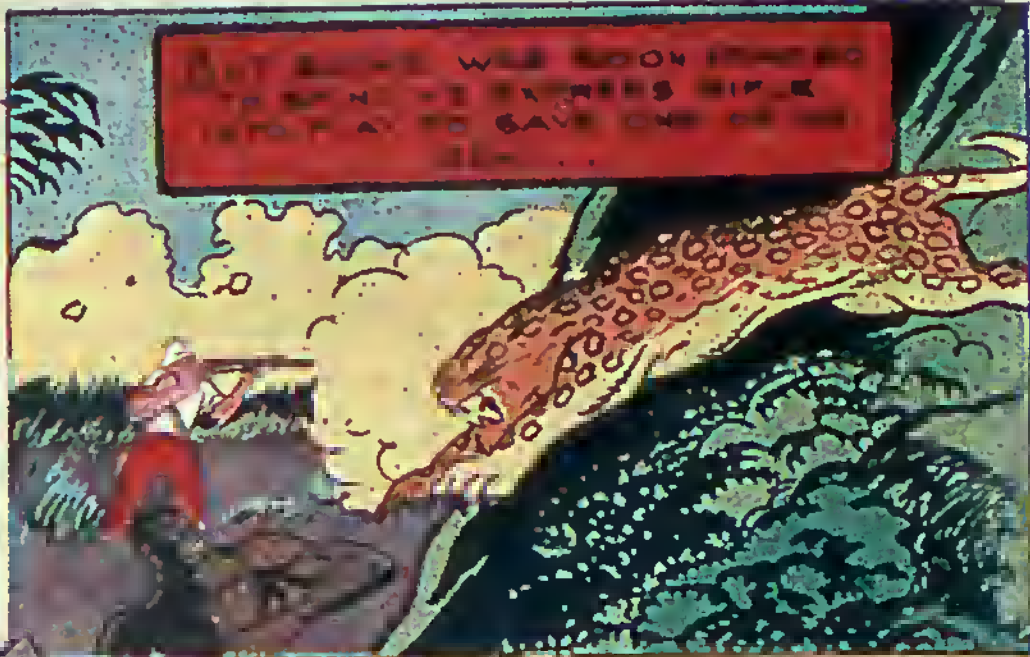


DIDN'T REALIZE WE WERE SO FAR INTO THEIR COUNTRY! WE'LL MAKE ONE MORE TRY FOR THAT BIG TUSKER AND THEN GET OUT!!

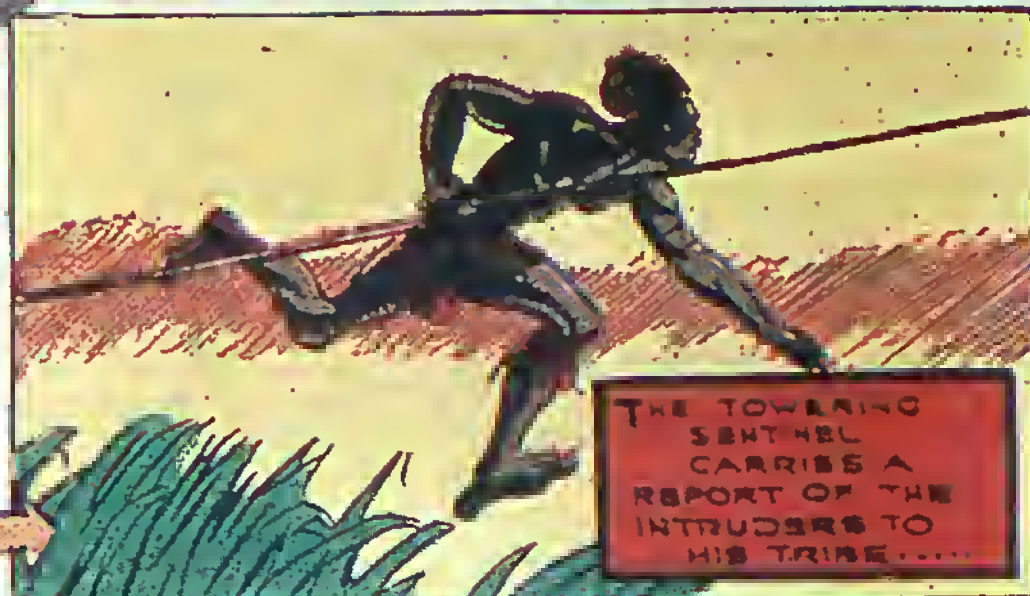
WE'LL HAVE TO KEEP
FROM MAKING
ANY NOISE....



THEY WILL SOON BE
TRAINING THE ELEPHANTS
TO SAVE ONE OF THE
MEN



THE SHARP
REPORT
ECHOED THRU
THE HILLS...



THE TOWERING
SENTINEL
CARRIES A
REPORT OF THE
INTRUDERS TO
HIS TRIBE....

IT IS HEARD BY A
HOSTILE TRIBESMAN
OF THE GAFUUBAS...

BIG ELEPHANTS
HEADED
BACK!!



WE HAVEN'T ENOUGH MEN
TO GUARD BOTH SIDES OF THE
STOCKADE... I'VE RIGGED THIS
PAN OF FLASHLIGHT POWDER... IF
THE HERD BREAKS TO THE LEFT
PULL THE TRIGGER, BUT
BE CAREFUL !!



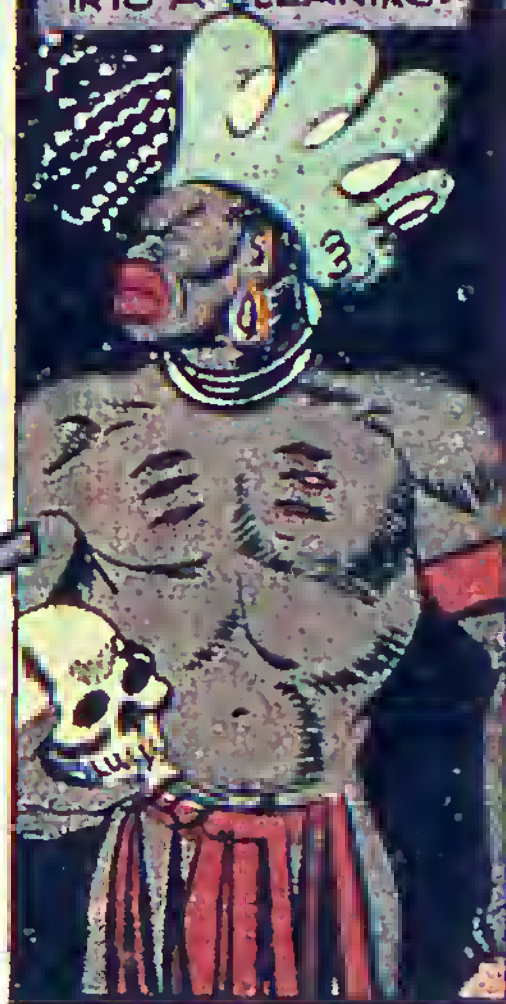
THE SAVAGE HILL
MEN SOON
LOCATED BURKE'S
FOLLOWERS AND
SURPRISED THEM
ONE BY ONE...



BUCK WAS
OVERWHELMED
BEFORE HE
COULD BRING
HIS WEAPONS
INTO PLAY.....



THE CAFOUBA
CHIEF WATCHES
BURKE AND HIS
BLACKS DRAGGED
INTO A CLEARING.



JOJO ALONE
ESCAPES VIOLENCE
AND CAPTURE...HE
IS ASLEEP UNDER
A TREE.....

BURKE AND THE SURVIVORS OF HIS
PARTY ARE LED BEFORE THE CHIEF
OF THE HILL MEN.....



zzz



HE
AWAKENS
AND PREPARES
TO RETURN
TO CAMP...



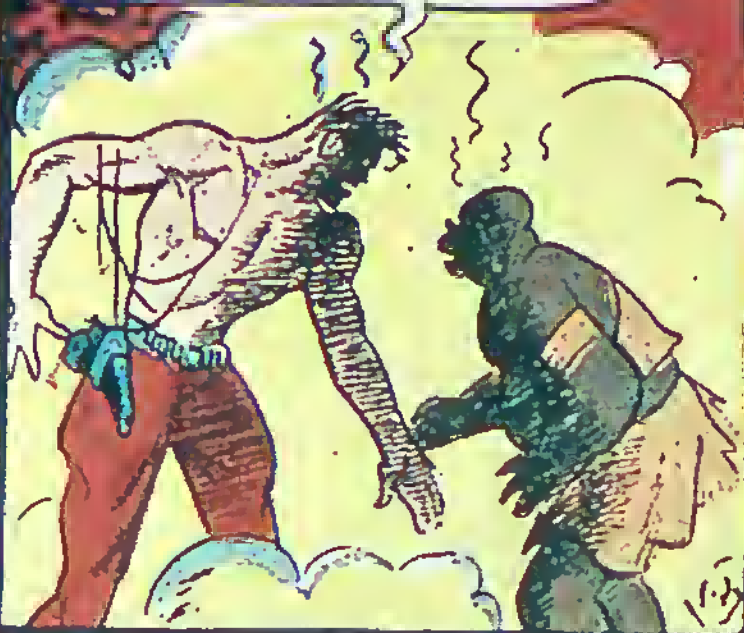
...AND SUDDENLY FINDS HIMSELF AMONG
THE FIERCE TRIBESMEN WHO HAVE CAPTURED
THE CAMP... SHAKING WITH TERROR HIS HAND
ACCIDENTLY GRASPS THE TRIGGER OF THE
FLASH PAN!!



THEN COMES A
**TERRIFIC
BLINDING
EXPLOSION!!**

WMM!!

YOU? JO JO? I
THOUGHT THERE WAS AN
EARTHQUAKE.... HMM....
GUESS I PUT TOO
MUCH POWDER IN
THAT PAN!!



'THEY ALL TOOK IT ON THE
LAM, LEAVING THEIR
WEAPONS AND A LOT OF
EQUIPMENT... YOU SURE
MADE THE RIGHT
MOVE!!

JO JO
ALWAYS
THINK
FAST!!



ANOTHER
ADVENTURE OF
BUCK BURKE IN
OUR NEXT ISSUE...

SECRET AGENT



RECOGNIZED AS THE MOST BELIEVABLE MEMBER OF THE SECRET SERVICE, Z-2 IS ASKED TO APPEAR BEFORE HIS CHIEF REGARDING THE MOST IMPORTANT ASSIGNMENT OF HIS LIVELY CAREER.

THIS IS Z-2, AMBASSADOR. HE IS THE GOVERNMENT'S FINEST ACE AND I THINK WE CAN TRUST HIM WITH THE MISSION!

I LEAVE THAT TO YOU, CHIEF. YOU REALIZE HOW IMPORTANT THIS IS TO MY COUNTRY!

Z-2! TO PRESERVE THE ART OF HIS COUNTRY WHILE IT IS AT WAR, AMBASSADOR HOLLEY HAS SENT TO THE UNITED STATES A CARGO OF ART TREASURES AND MASTERPIECES. THE VESSEL BEARING THIS PRECIOUS SHIPMENT ARRIVES TO-MORROW, AND I AM ASSIGNING YOU TO CONVOY IT TO THE MUSEUM. IT WILL REMAIN THERE FOR SAFE-KEEPING UNTIL THE WAR IS OVER!

THE S.S. CORONIA ARRIVES ON SCHEDULE AND THE TRANSFER OF THE FABULOUS CARGO IS UNDERTAKEN. Z-2 WATCHES THE CRATES BORNE BY BEANS FROM THE SHIP TO THE DOCK AND INTO A TRUCK.

I DON'T WANT NO SLIP-UPS ON THESE INSTRUCTIONS, SEE? SO I'LL REMIND YOU WHAT'S TO BE DONE WHEN THE TRUCK COMES UP UNITY STREET!

BUT IF A RING OF INTERNATIONAL ART THIEVES HAVE THEIR WAY, THE TREASURES WILL NOT BE DEPOSITED IN THE MUSEUM!





DRILL AND HIS TWO LEONIES LEAP FROM THEIR CAR, PISTOLS IN THEIR HANDS!



ALL RIGHT, YOU GUYS, OUT! WE'LL TAKE OVER NOW!

A FIGHT ENSUES! DRILL SMASHES THE DRIVER OVER THE HEAD WITH THE BUTT OF HIS REVOLVER!



AS THE DRIVER AND GUARD STEP FROM THE CAB OF THE TRUCK THEY HURL THEMSELVES AT THE THIEVES!



THE GUARD AND DRIVER ARE QUICKLY OVERPOWERED

SO YOU GUYS WON'T PLAY BALL WITH US? OKAY, THAT'S GOING TO BE TOO BAD FOR YOU!

YEAH, YOU'LL NEVER DRIVE ANOTHER TRUCK WHEN WE GET THROUGH WITH YOU!



KEEP THESE TWO WISE GUYS COVERED MIKE, WHILE AL AND ME TAKE THE STUFF OUT OF THE TRUCK AND PUT IT IN OUR CAR. TOO BAD WE CAN'T TAKE THE TRUCK, BUT THE COPPERS MIGHT SPOT US!



DRILL AND AL GO TO THE BACK OF THE TRUCK. THEY OPEN THE DOOR, Z-2 LEAPS OUT AT THEM!



INSTINCTIVELY AWARE THAT SOMETHING HAS GONE WRONG, MIKE STEALS UP BEHIND Z-2 WHO SENSES HIS DANGER IN THE HICK OF TIME. HE SPINS AROUND AND SHOTS!



AS Z-2 HURLS TO FREE AT MIKE DRILL AND AL FLING THEMSELVES AT HIM!



BUT THE DRIVER AND GUARD COME TO Z-2'S AID AND THE STRUGGLE IS SOON OVER!

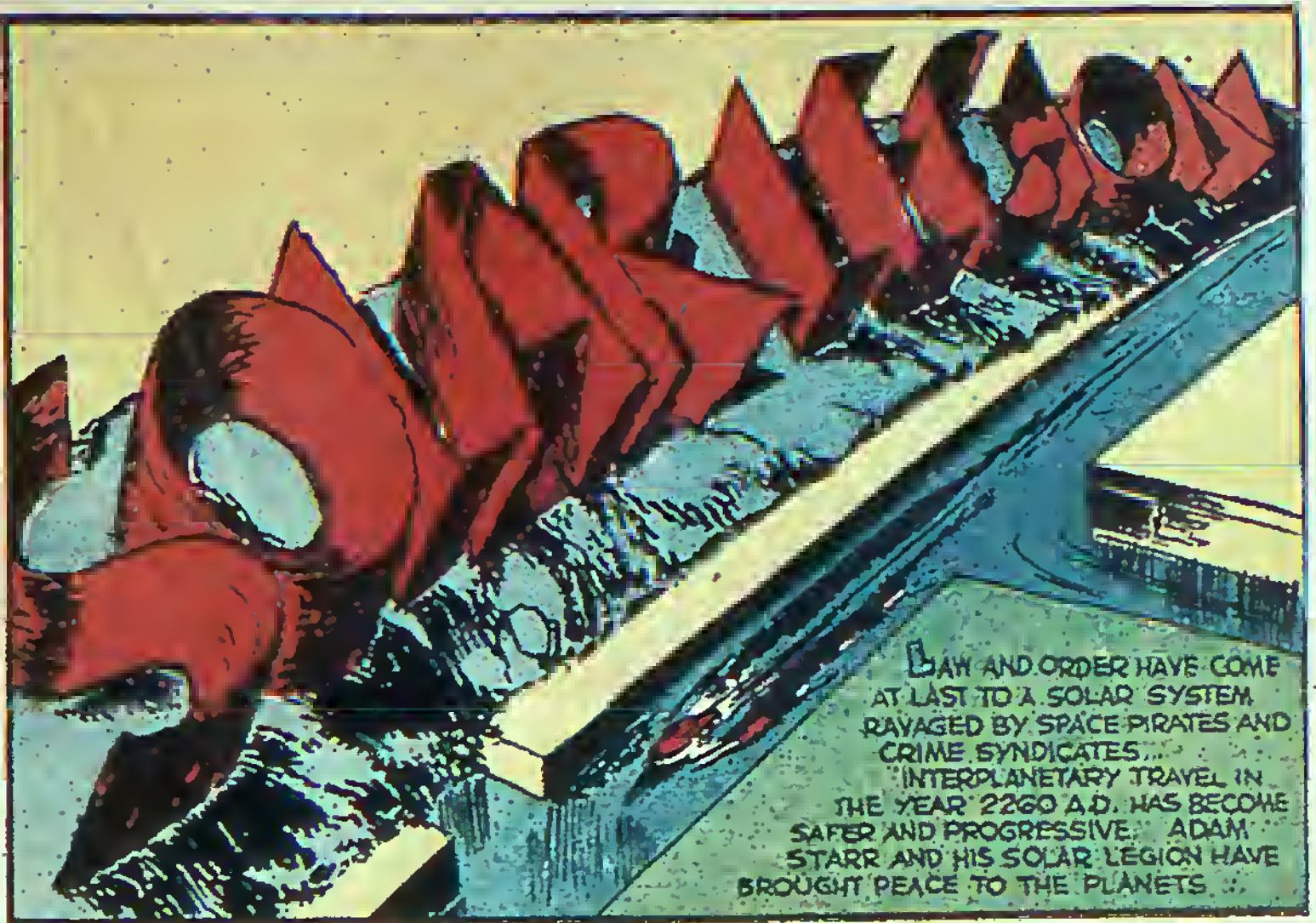


WITH THE THIEVES TIED UP SAFELY IN THE BACK OF THE TRUCK Z-2 AND HIS COMRADES CONTINUE ON THEIR WAY!

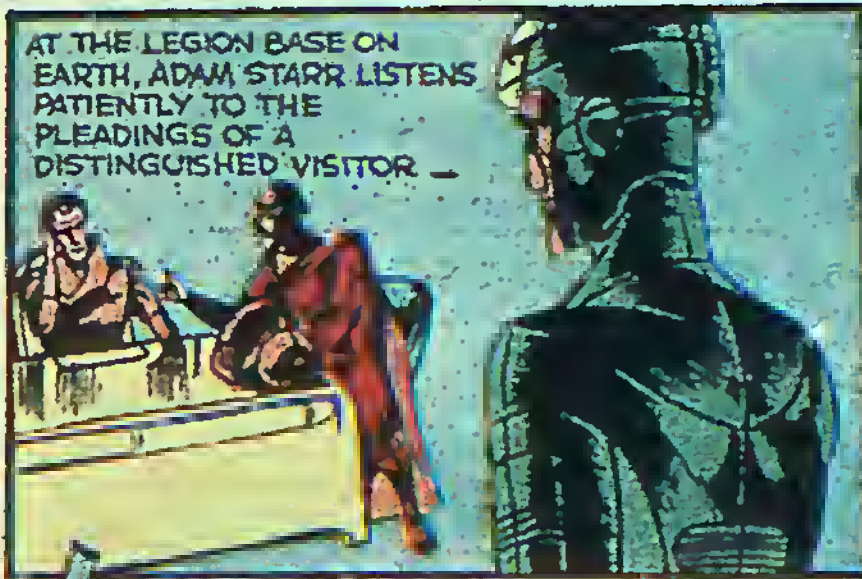
I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SEE THE FACE OF THE CURATOR OF THE MUSEUM WHEN HE OPENS THE BACK DOOR OF THE TRUCK TO SEE THE ART TREASURES, AND FINDS THOSE THUGS TIED UP IN THERE!



READ SECRET AGENT Z-2 IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF CRASH!



Law and order have come at last to a solar system ravaged by space pirates and crime syndicates... Interplanetary travel in the year 2260 A.D. has become safer and progressive. Adam Starr and his Solar Legion have brought peace to the planets.



At the Legion base on Earth, Adam Starr listens patiently to the pleadings of a distinguished visitor —

PLEASE, STARR. I'M JOSHUAH WADE, THE CATTLE KING — THAT'S TRUE! BUT I'M ALSO A FATHER, STARR! MY DAUGHTER, JULIE HAS BEEN FORCED DOWN IN THAT TRACKLESS MARTIAN DESERT WHILE ON HER WAY TO NEW AMERICA. IN A ROCKET CRUISER YOU'RE FAMILIAR WITH THAT DESOLATE TERRITORY. YOU CAN FIND HER!



BUT MISTER WADE, THE LEGION HUNTS PIRATES NOT MISSING GIRLS. THERE ARE OTHER AGENCIES FOR SUCH CASES





I'VE WORKED HARD, STARR. I'VE MADE MILLIONS. BUT IT'S ALL BEEN FOR JULIE. SHE'S THE ONLY THING IN LIFE THAT HAS EVER MATTERED TO ME. YOU MUST FIND HER

FLYNN, GET MY PLANE!



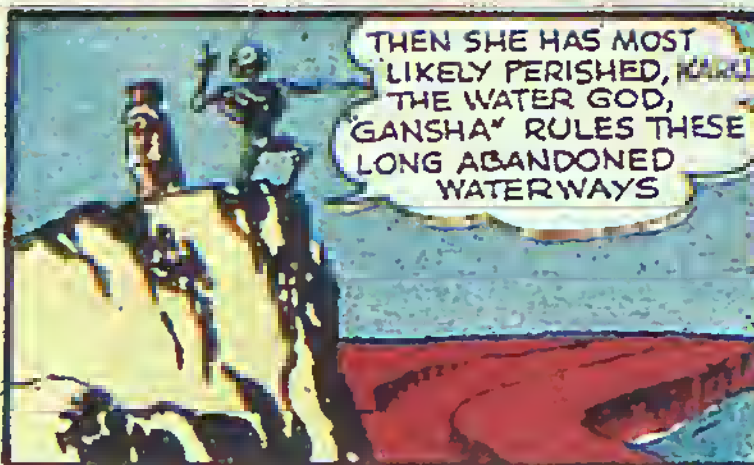
WEEKS OF WEARY SEARCH IN THE PART WASTELANDS OF THE ANCIENT DESERT, IT FINALLY YIELDS TANGIBLE CLUES FOR ADAM AND HIS GUIDE TO FOLLOW.



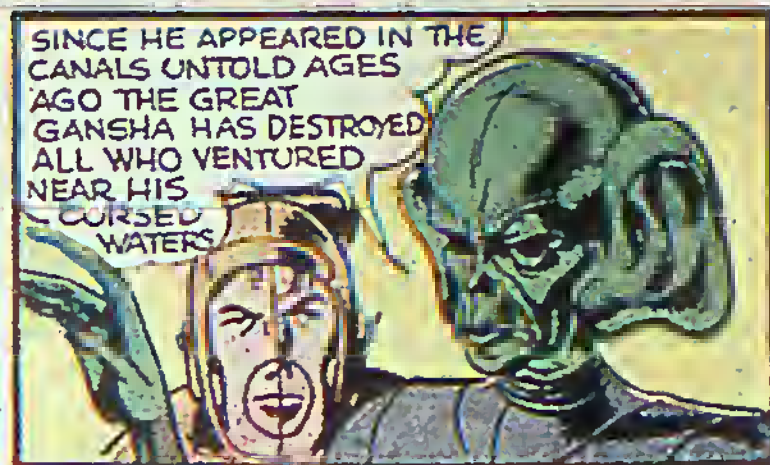
FOOTED NTS
END HERE
KARU STARR

SHE MUST HAVE
DESCENDED THE
CLIFF WALL AND
HEADED FOR
THE CANALS,
DAREK

*KARU-A MARTIAN TITLE OF COURTESY PREFIXED TO THE NAME OF AN EARTHMAN



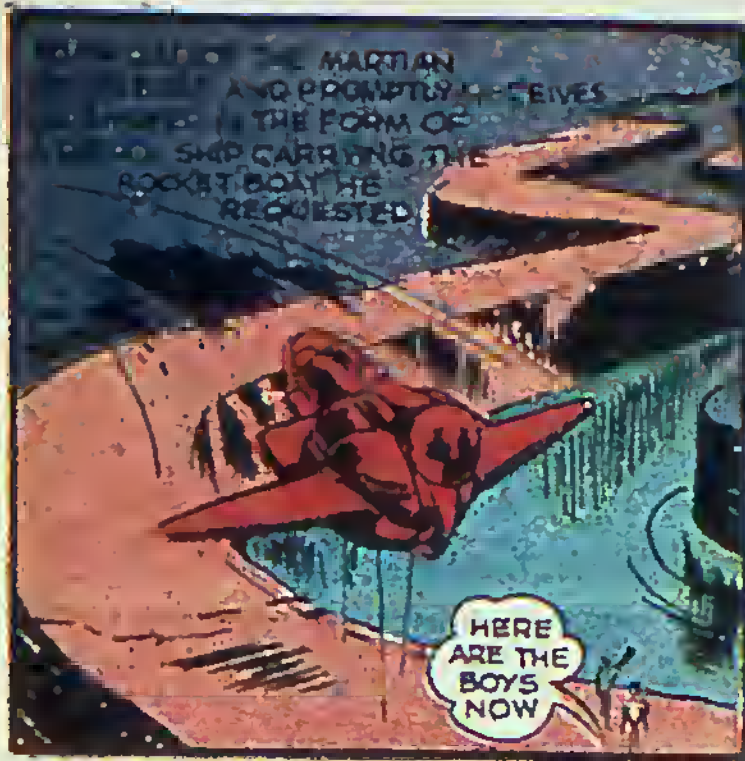
THEN SHE HAS MOST
LIKELY PERISHED, KARU
THE WATER GOD,
GANSHA* RULES THESE
LONG ABANDONED
WATERWAYS



SINCE HE APPEARED IN THE
CANALS UNTOLD AGES
AGO THE GREAT
GANSHA HAS DESTROYED
ALL WHO VENTURED
NEAR HIS
CURSED
WATERS



SORRY DAREK, BUT
WATER GODS AND
LEGENDARY
MONSTERS
DON'T
FRIGHTEN ME
I'M GOING
TO EXPLORE
THESE
CANALS



...THE MARTIAN
AND PROMPTLY RECEIVES
THE FORM OF
SHIP CARRYING THE
ROCKET BOAT HE
REQUESTED

HERE
ARE THE
BOYS
NOW



THE PATROLMEN
UNLOAD THEIR
CARGO AND LOWER
ADAM'S BOAT INTO
THE CANAL WATERS...

MAY BAAKO*
BE WITH YOU,
KARU STARR

THANKS DAREK!
KING! MARTIN!
STAND BY FOR FURTHER
ORDERS

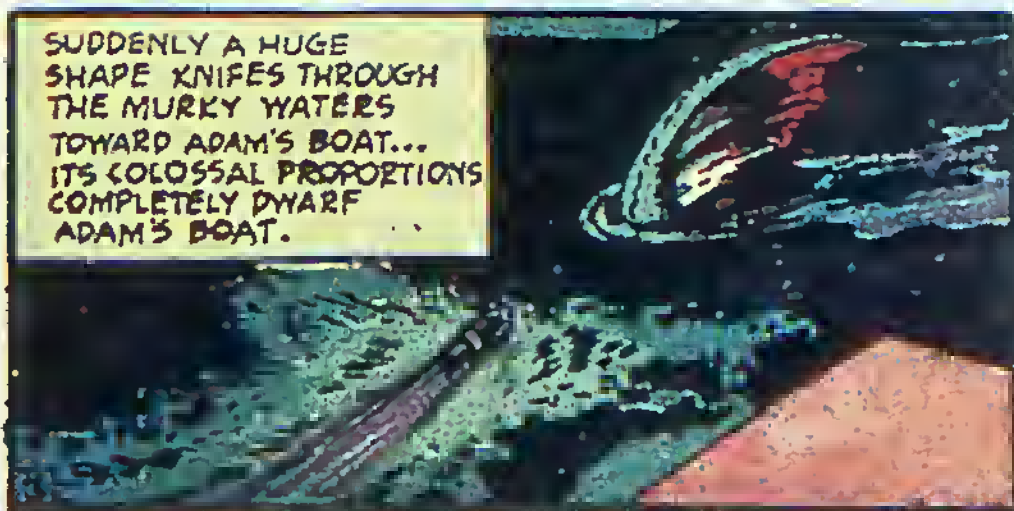
BAAKO - A MARTIAN
DEITY OR GOD...



WITH
DAREK'S
WARNING
STILL HAUNTING
HIS THOUGHTS,
ADAM SPEEDS DOWN THE
TABOOED CANALS!!!



NO SIGN OF
ANYTHING YET--
NOT EVEN
THE GREAT
GANSHA!



SUDDENLY A HUGE
SHAPE KNIFES THROUGH
THE MURKY WATERS
TOWARD ADAM'S BOAT...
ITS COLOSSAL PROPORTIONS
COMPLETELY DWARF
ADAM'S BOAT.



WH-WHY IT'S A
FIN! A GIANT FIN!
GREAT SCOTT!
IT'S THE
GANSHA!



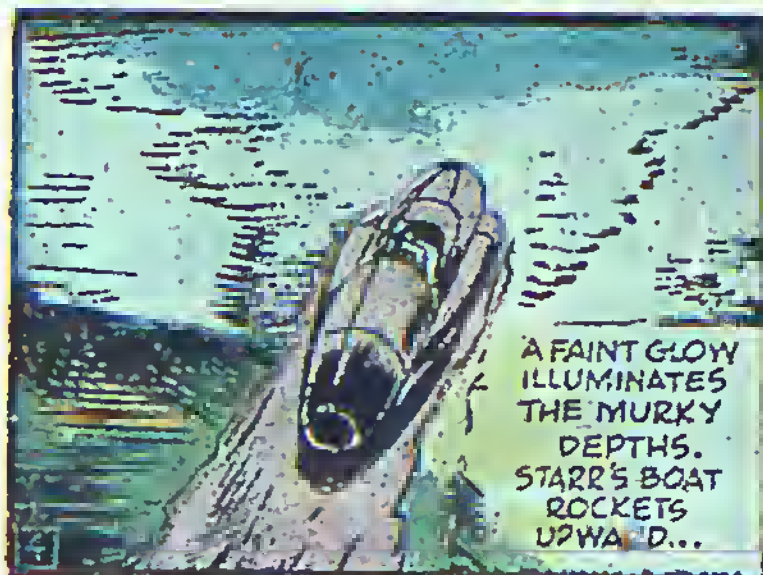
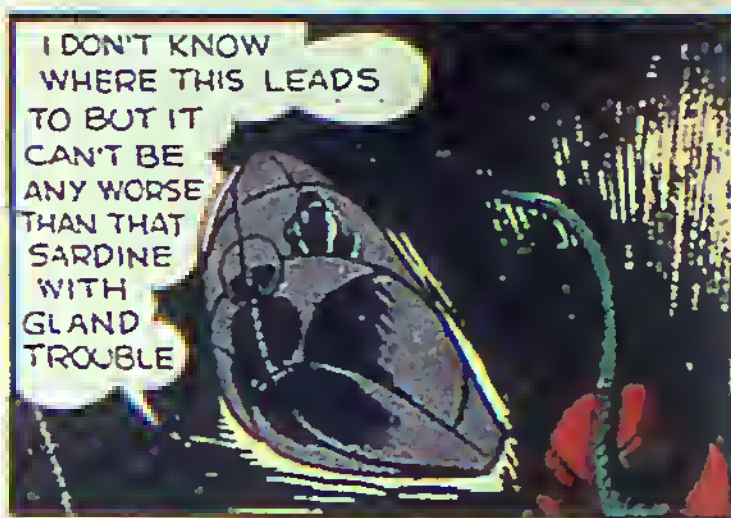
CONVERTING HIS BOAT INTO A SUBMARINE, ADAM SHOOTS BELOW THE WATER'S SURFACE AND FACES THE MONSTROUS FISH THAT HAS FILLED MARTIAN LORE WITH FEAR AND TERROR...



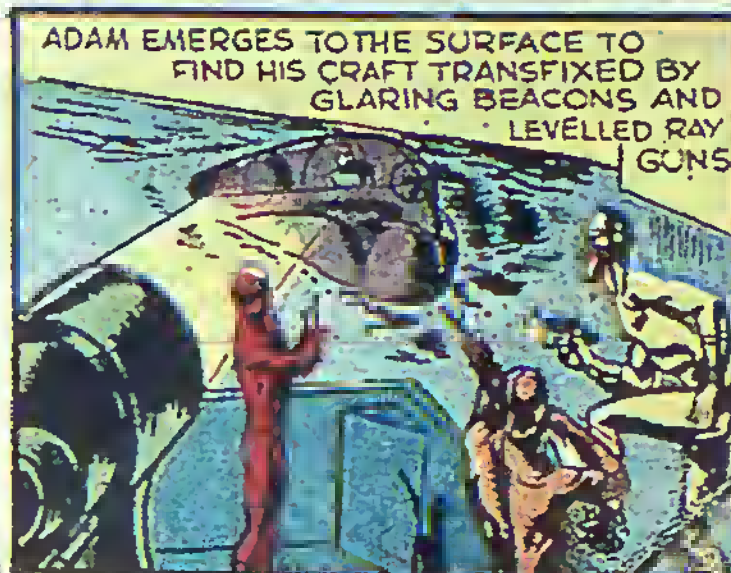
ADAM'S CRAFT VEERS SHARPLY TO ELUDE THE CAVERNOUS JAWS...



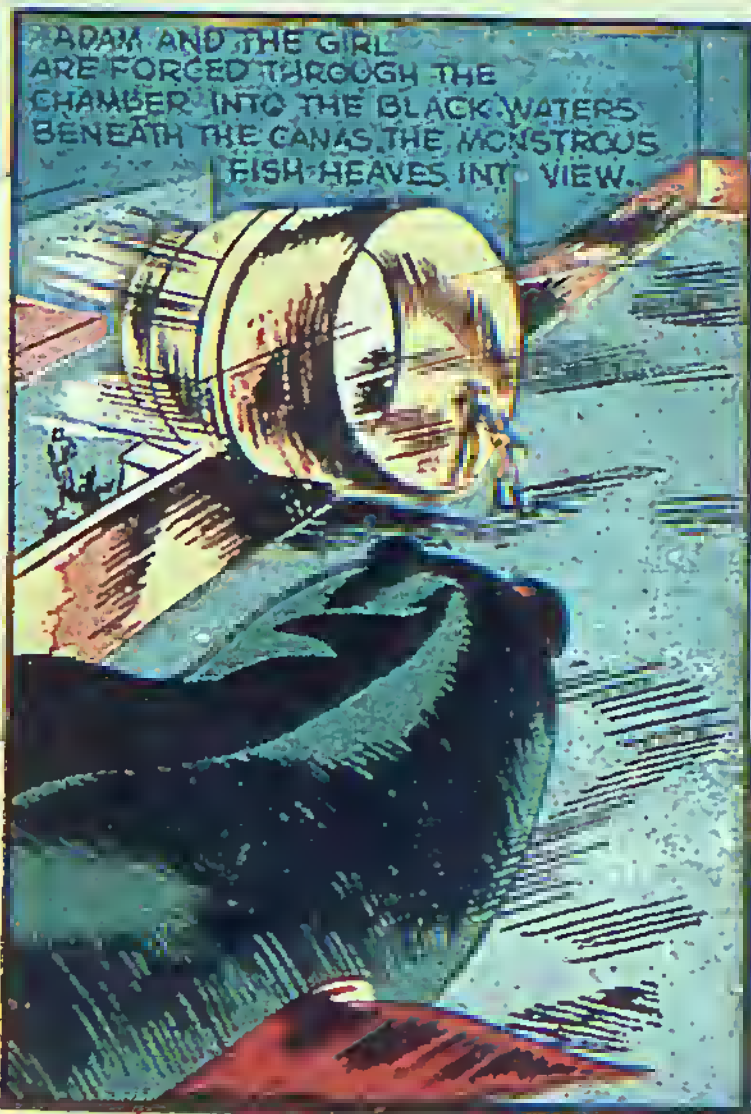
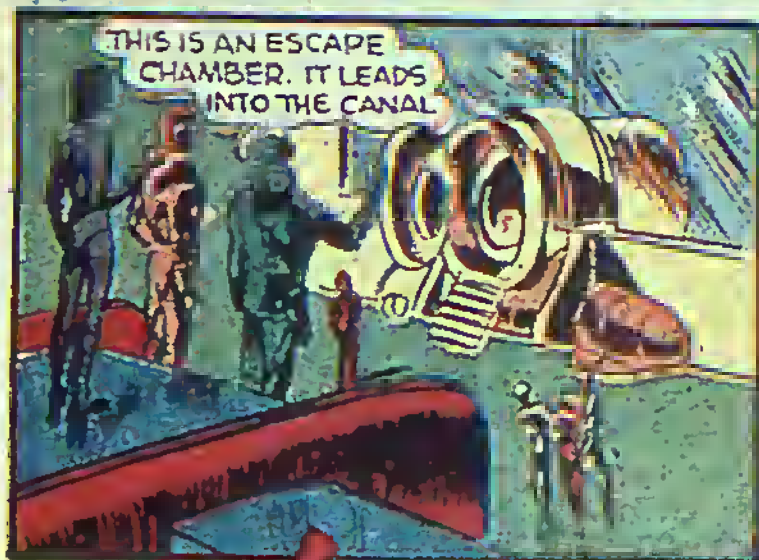
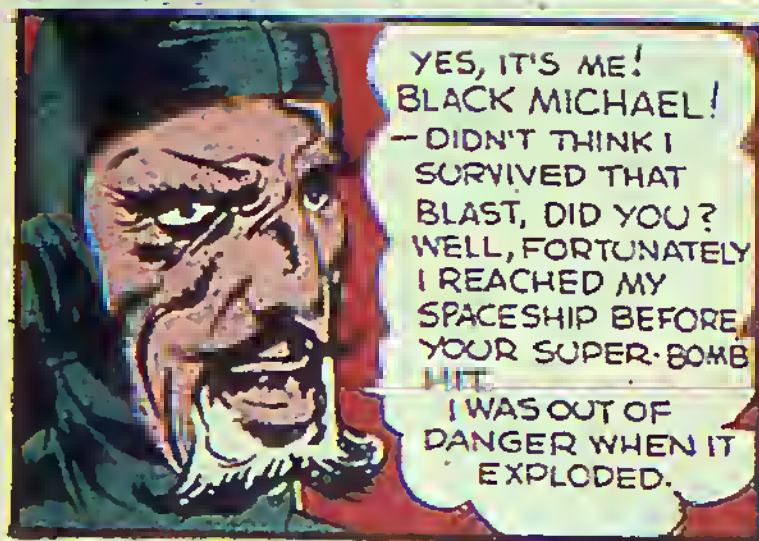
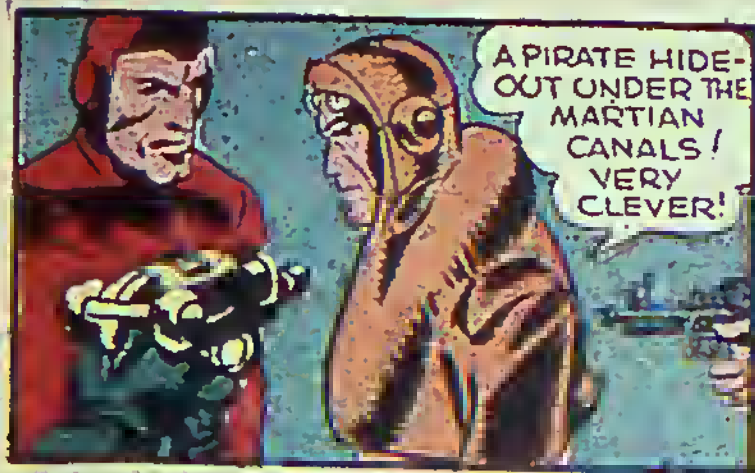
I DON'T KNOW WHERE THIS LEADS TO BUT IT CAN'T BE ANY WORSE THAN THAT SARDINE WITH GLAND TROUBLE

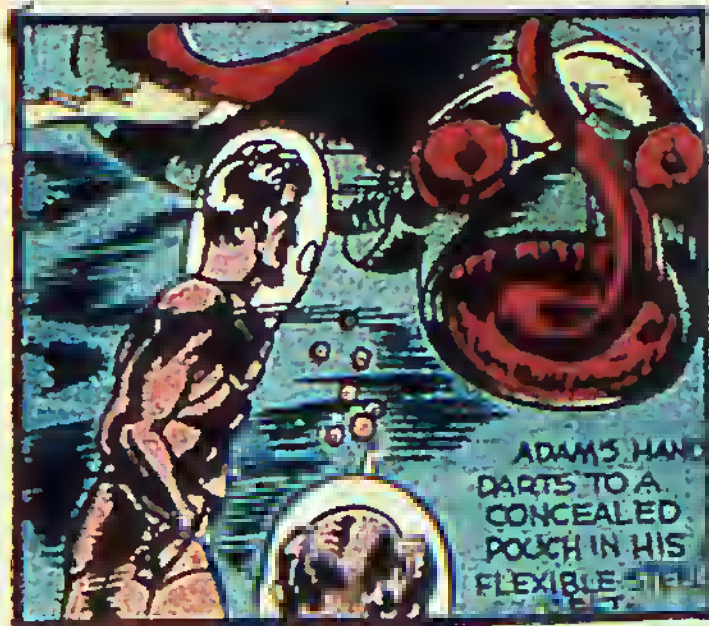


A FAINT GLOW ILLUMINATES THE MURKY DEPTHS. STARR'S BOAT ROCKETS UPWARD...

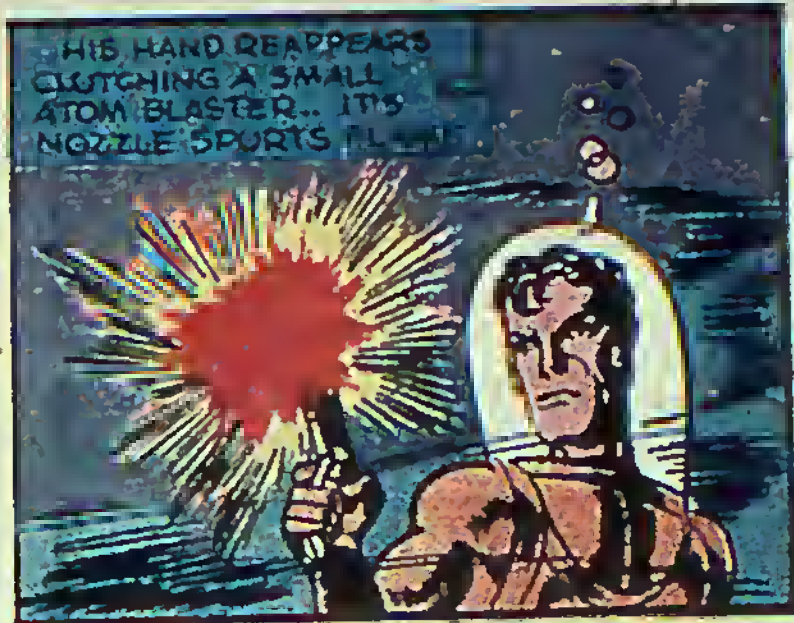


ADAM EMERGES TO THE SURFACE TO FIND HIS CRAFT TRANSFIXED BY GLARING BEACONS AND LEVELLED RAY GUNS.





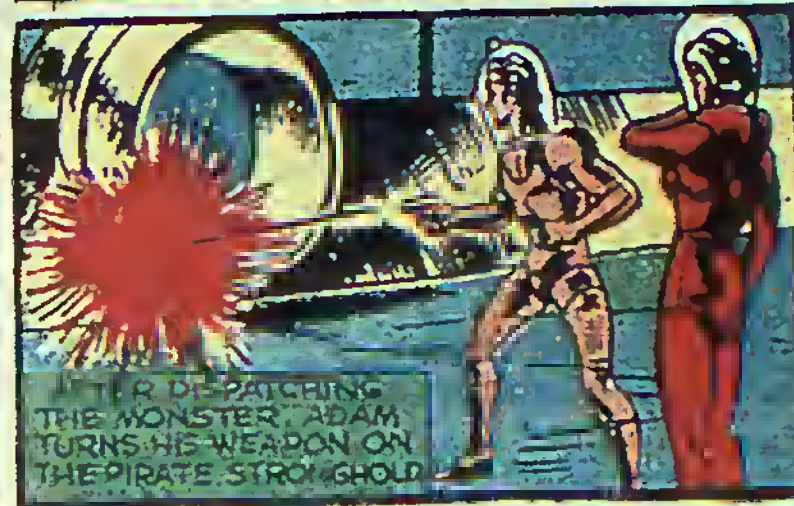
ADAM'S HAND
DARTS TO A
CONCEALED
POUCH IN HIS
FLEXIBLE SUIT



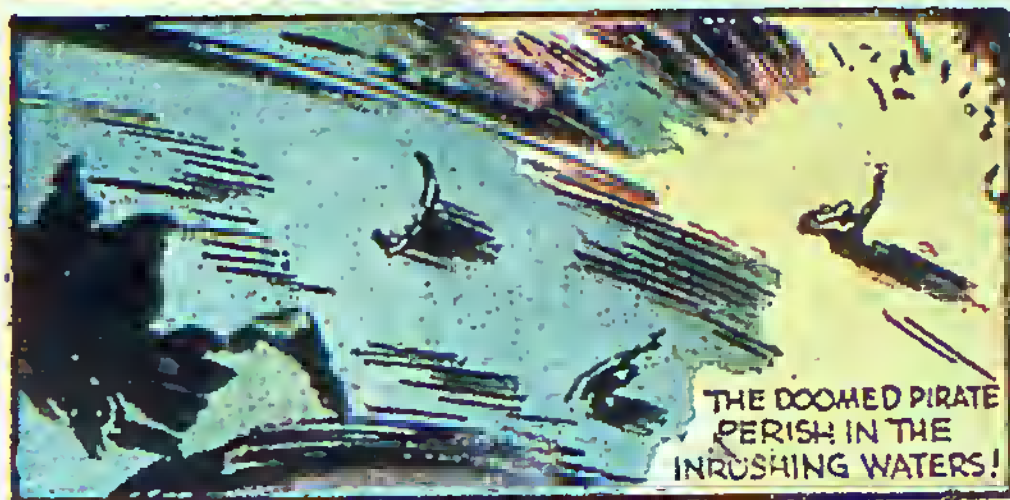
HIS HAND REAPPEARS
CLUTCHING A SMALL
ATOM BLASTER... ITS
NOZZLE SPORTS FLAMES



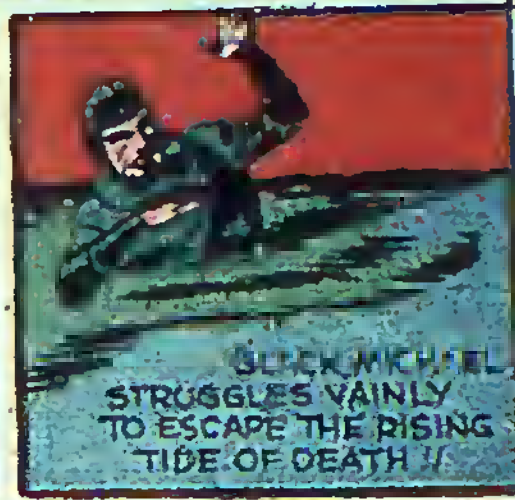
THE GREAT GANSKA IS BLASTED INTO
ETERNITY AS ITS REMAINS BOB TO THE
SURFACE AMID A HUGE GEYSER OF WATER



AFTER DE-SPATCHING
THE MONSTER, ADAM
TURNS HIS WEAPON ON
THE PIRATE STRONGHOLD



THE DOOMED PIRATE
PERISH IN THE
INRUSHING WATERS!



BLACK MICHAEL
STRUGGLES VAINLY
TO ESCAPE THE RISING
TIDE OF DEATH //



ADAM AND THE
GIRL MEANWHILE
SWIM TOWARD THE
CAVE'S SURFACE



WELL! I DON'T THINK
BLACK MICHAEL ESCAPED
THAT LITTLE TRAP!
DANGONNIT!
I FORGOT
TO THANK
HIM FOR
THESE
AIR
HELMETS

YOU'VE
GOT SO
THANKS
COMING
TOO,
ADAM
STARR

FOLLOW THE
ADVENTURES OF
ADAM STARR AND THE
SOLAR LEGION IN THE
NEXT EXCITING ISSUE.

THE BLUE STREAK

DEFENDER OF THE PEOPLE

THE BLUE STREAK, DEFENDER OF HUMANITY, REPOSES IN HIS MOUNTAIN RETREAT, PREPARED TO COME TO THE RESCUE OF THE OPPRESSED. HE IS LISTENING TO THE NEWS OF THE WAR BETWEEN BARONIA, A SMALL DEFENSELESS NATION, AND RUSSIA, AN ENORMOUS POWERFUL COUNTRY.

"FLASH! LATEST REPORTS FROM THE WAR FRONT: HUNDREDS OF CHILDREN IN WARTORN BARONIA ARE SUFFERING FROM A DIPHTHERIA EPIDEMIC, DUE TO CONSTANT BOMBING OF THE CIVILIAN POPULATION!"

...THEY FACE CERTAIN DEATH UNLESS SERUM IS RUSHED TO THEM!! NO SERUM IS AVAILABLE HOWEVER, AND DOCTORS PREDICT THOUSANDS OF HELPLESS CHILDREN WILL PERISH WITHIN THE NEXT FEW DAYS!"

TAGO! I MUST LEAVE FOR BARONIA AT ONCE! GET OUT THE TWO CASES OF SERUM IN THE LABORATORY!

YES MASTER! TAGO GOES! DO NOT FORGET MASK SIR!

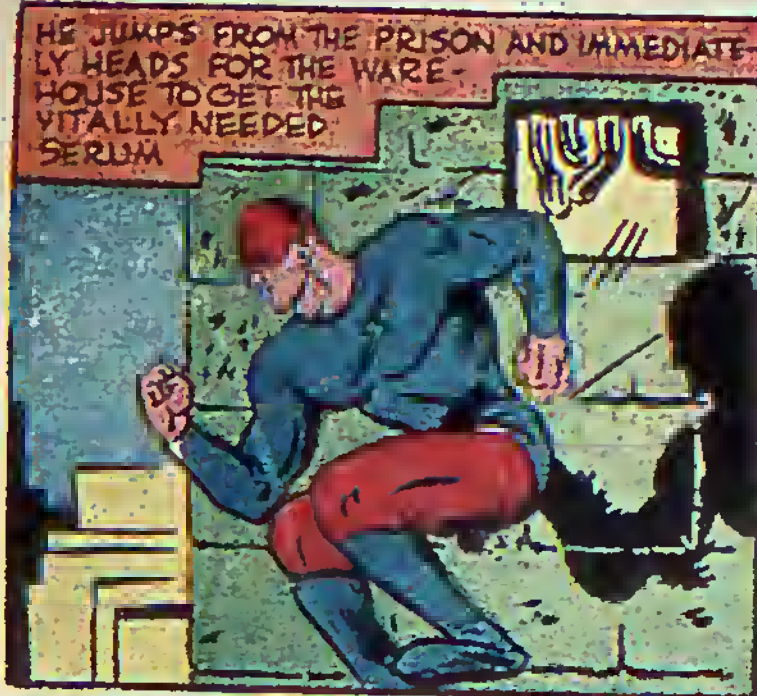
SO THE BLUE STREAK, PRESSED BY THE DISTRESS OF SUFFERING CHILDREN RUSHES TO THE AIRPORT TO HIS PLANE AND LEAVES FOR BARONIA!

IN THE MEANTIME THE CHIEF PHYSICIAN, DOCTOR BORKI PLEADS WITH THE WAR-LORD GEN. MOLOTOV!

YOU MUST LET US HAVE SERUM! ALL THE CHILDREN WILL DIE! IT IS HORRIBLE!



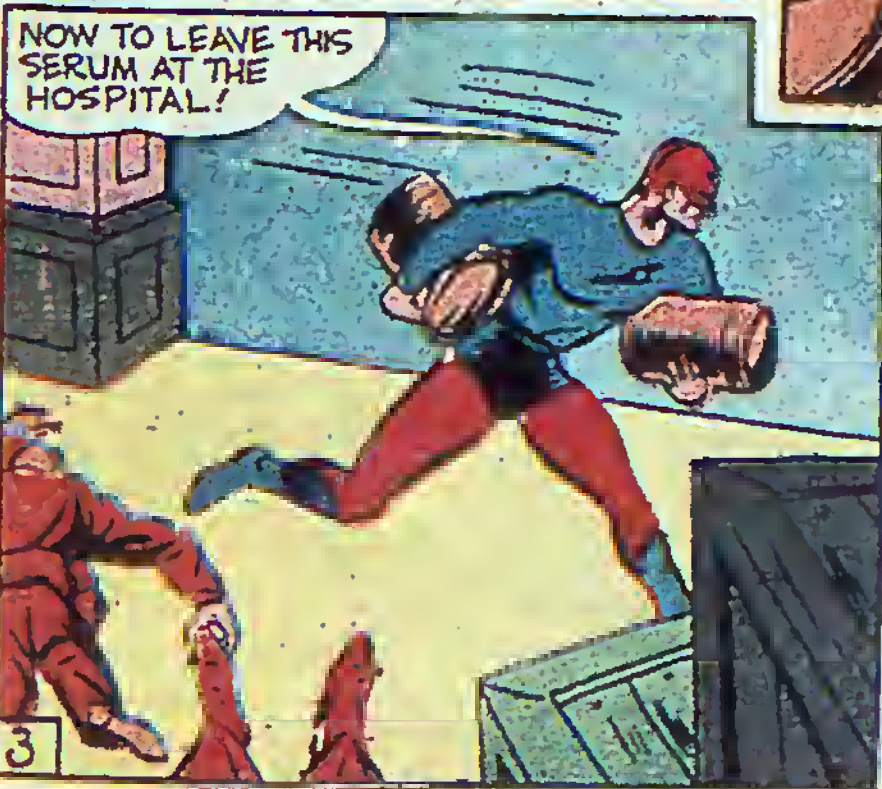
HE JUMPS FROM THE PRISON AND IMMEDIATELY HEADS FOR THE WAREHOUSE TO GET THE VITALLY NEEDED SERUM



BABY KILLERS CAN'T FIGHT!



NOW TO LEAVE THIS SERUM AT THE HOSPITAL!



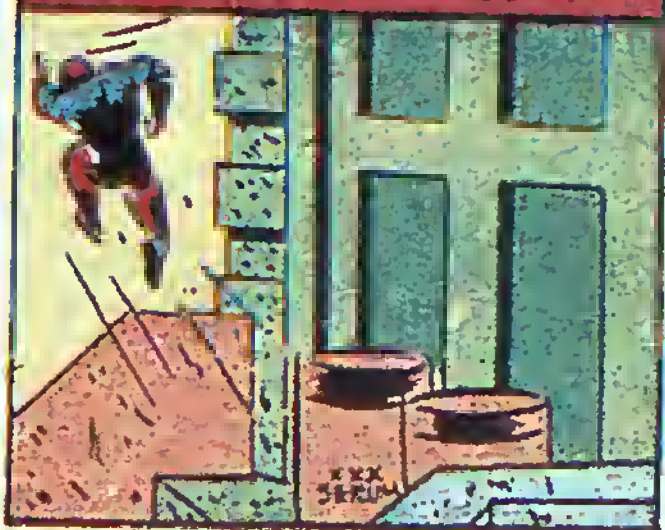
HE IS CONFRONTED WITH MOLOTOV'S GUARDS!

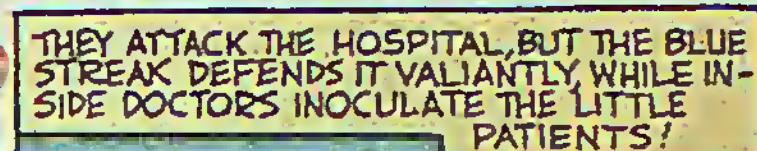
SURPRISE!

DON'T LET HIM GET THAT SERUM!



THE BLUE STREAK PLACES THE CASES ON THE DOOR STEP AND LEAVES BEFORE HE IS SEEN!







THE GENERAL HAS FALLEN!

THE DREADED DISEASE HITS THE GENERAL!



STOP FIRING! WE MUST GET THE GENERAL INSIDE THE HOSPITAL FOR SERUM!



WE HAVE USED EVERY DROP! THERE IS NO MORE SERUM LEFT! BUT WE HAVE SAVED EVERY CHILD!!

WHAT?!



I APPEAL TO YOU IN THE NAME OF HUMANITY! SAVE ME! SAVE ME!

I HAVE ONE VIAL LEFT! I WILL GIVE IT TO YOU IF YOU LEAVE THIS COUNTRY IN PEACE!



I SWEAR IT! GIVE IT TO ME! THE PEOPLE OF BARONIA SHALL SUFFER NO MORE!

HERE! BUT IF EVER I HEAR YOU HAVE BETRAYED ME, THE BLUE STREAK SHALL BE AVENGED!

SEE THE NEXT ISSUE OF COMICS FOR THE LATEST CHAPTER OF THE BLUE STREAK!



LAW OF THE WILD

by
Robert Turner

IN this wild north country with its lumber and mining camps taking the place of towns, there was only one law. The law of Might. The heaviest fists and the fastest trigger-fingers ruled. Justice was meted out swiftly, liberally salted with violence.

This day, in the heavy, smoke-filled dimness of the *Sawmill Cafe and Restaurant*, the air was charged with the electric expectancy of trouble.

The men, all lumberjacks and miners, sat about at tables and lounged across the bar, in nervous silence. There was none of the usual hilarity, the good-natured bantering and shouting. All eyes in the place kept shifting from the ludicrous scene being enacted in the center of the dance floor, to the door of the saloon, and back again.

It was a strange and rather pitiful sight there on the dance floor. A skinny shrimp of a Chinese cook was hopping up and down and jigging about, puffing, in his own version of all the combined dances he had ever heard about. Standing over him, laughing loudly and twisting a gun over his thick finger, was Frenchy Le Croix.

For a few seconds the tired, pale piano player in the corner stopped plinking the dirty keys. At the cessation of the music, the frightened Chinese cook's feet automatically stopped.

Frenchy Le Croix roared a protest that shook the whole building. He spun around to the piano player.

"Play, you long-haired fool!" Frenchy bellowed. "Don't stop again until I tell you!"

Frenchy wheeled back to the Chink, leveled the gun at his feet. The Chink leaped straight into the air.

"Yi-yi-yi-yieeee!" he squealed in horror. "Don't shoot again, Mist Frenchy! Me dance! Me dance!"

Frenchy's two hundred and fifty pound bulk rocked with laughter. "You dawgawn right you dance!" he guffawed. His finger squeezed the trigger. Smoke puffed from the barrel. The bullet kicked dust and splinters up from under the Chinaman's hopping feet.

Frenchy Le Croix was the biggest and toughest man in the north country. He was six foot four. His fists were like hams. His chest was as strong and as thick round as some of the stout trees he felled in the forest. Many's the time Frenchy, in a sombre mood, had been seen sitting with a steel crowbar in his heavy fingers, twisting it easily back and forth into queer shapes, without even realizing what he was doing.

Frenchy, at all times, was mean and brutish and bullying. When he had had a few drinks, he was a roaring, swashbuckling, unholy terror. Right now Frenchy had imbibed more than a few. He was primed for trouble.

It came suddenly, just as everyone in the cafe knew it would. Bart Jones came down for his supper about this time every night. The Chinese victim of Frenchy Le Croix's current pranks was owned by Bart Jones. He was Bart's cook and all-round servant.

Bart strode through the swinging doors and the piano stopped. The Chink halted, hopped up on one foot like he had been frozen. The grin laxied off Frenchy's face. All the men in the room made one giant sucking sound with their indrawn breaths. Fingers gripped tables until knuckles were white.

Bart Jones saw what was going on in one quick flash of his blue eyes. He stopped still. He looked from the piano player to the cook to Frenchy and there his eyes remained.

Bart Jones was another man feared and respected by the north country. But he was also loved. He, too, was tough and hard and dangerous. But he was just. He wasn't a big man compared with Frenchy. He wasn't a midget either.

Frenchy and Bart hated each other. There was no special reason for it. It was a natural. They had never crossed up until now but every man in the north country knew that someday they would. When that time came everybody knew it would be a combination earthquake and explosion, and tomado.

Bart kept his eyes glued to Frenchy's and slowly walked up to him. The Chinese cook, scuttled to a corner, crouched down behind a barrel, sniveling. The rest of the room was so quiet you could hear Frenchy's heavy breathing.

"Well?" Frenchy said finally. "What you staring at? Why you interrupt Frenchy's fun?"

"I don't like your kind of fun!" Bart Jones said. "I don't like you, either. I'm going to teach you a lesson not to tease my cook hereafter!"

Frenchy's big fists balled at his sides. His chest swelled. He let out a roar like an angered, wounded bull. He pulled back his arm, started a swing from the floor that would have felled an elephant. But it never landed.

Bart Jones' feet moved so fast they were only a blur. His right fist came up and sizzled forward. It only moved six inches but the cracking sound of

it against Frenchy's bearded jaw was like the report of a rifle. All this while Frenchy was winding up.

The big lumberjack staggered backward from the impact. But he didn't fall. He lowered his great shaggy head and rushed forward, arms flailing like windmills. Bart waited until he was almost upon him, then sidestepped and slammed his fist through the whirling arms and into the Frenchman's stomach.

Frenchy hooked forward like he was sick. Bart's fist flashed again. There was another *crack!* and Frenchy straightened up, walked backward with a glassy look in his eyes, hit the wall and slumped down like an empty sack.

Bart beckoned his cook, and the two left the *Sawmill Cafe*, followed by still unbelieving, admiring gazes.

A few minutes later, Frenchy Le Croix struggled to his feet. His eyes were bloodshot and madly gleaming. He wiped a smear of blood from his mouth, bent over and picked up his gun. At the door of the cafe, he took a steady bead on the back of Bart Jones.

Bart dropped the tiny mirror cupped in his hand in which he had been watching behind him. Before it splintered against the road he pivoted and the guns in his hand blasted flame and lead at the same time as Frenchy's.

Not quite the same time. Frenchy pitched forward on his face. Bart continued on his way. The bartender of The *Sawmill Cafe* pulled Frenchy out of the doorway and grinned, weakly. There was only one law in this wild north country.



The Flying TRIO

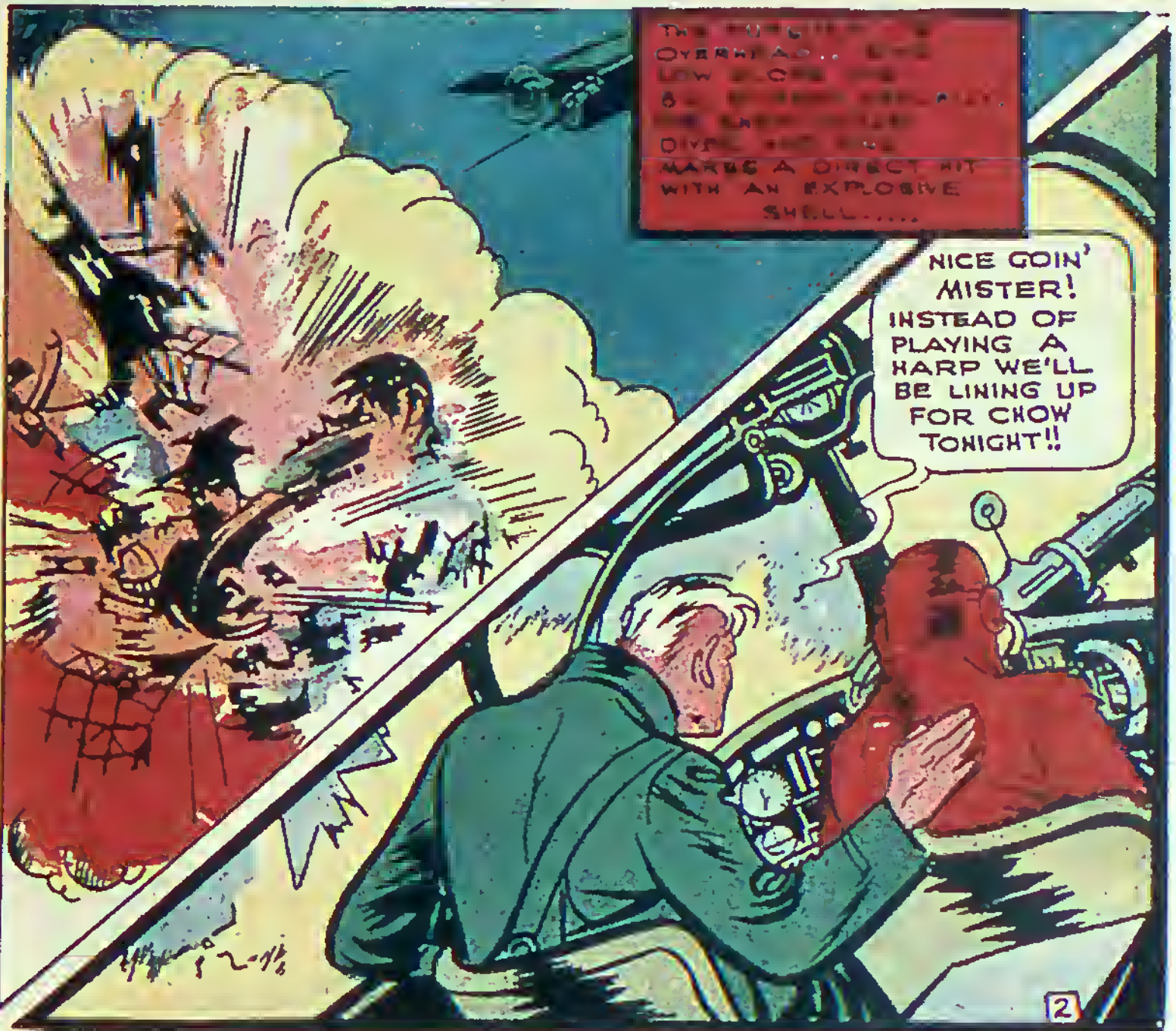
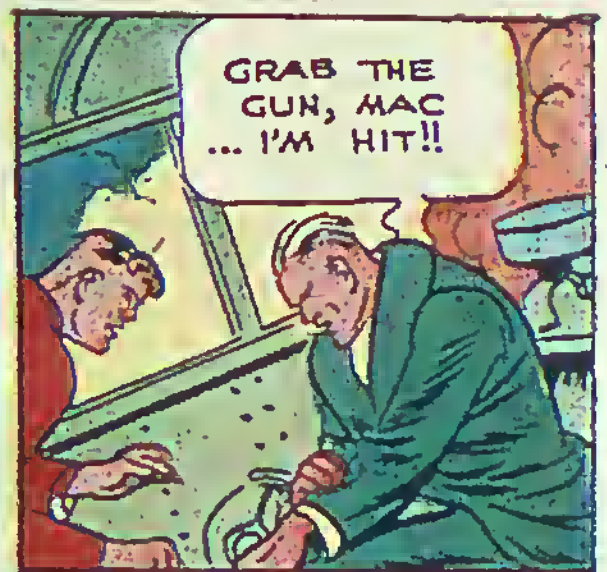
RAY, MAC AND LOW
FIGHTING FOR THE LITTLE
COUNTRY OF SYLVANIA SEIZE
AN ENEMY BOMBER THAT
MADE A FORCED LANDING, AND
BOLDLY ATTACK THE ENEMY'S
FIELD WITH IT....

WE'LL BE OUTA
HERE BEFORE THEY
GET THOSE PURSUIT JOBS
OFF THE GROUND... IF
SING CAN STAY AT THE
CONTROLS AND KEEP
THOSE MOTORS
TURNING!!

RIGHT MOTOR
SPUTTER
LIKE EGG
IN HOT
PAN

NO SUCH LUCK!!
THERE'S AN ENEMY
FIGHTER ON OUR TAIL!!
....IF HE'S ALONE
WE'LL RAKE HIM
CLEAR OUTA THE
SKY.....!!

BAM!!



THE
COMMANDANT
MAJOR GENERAL
HACKENKOFF
LEARNS
OF THE
EXPLOIT OF
HIS FLIERS
AND WAITS
ANXIOUSLY
AS
CONFLICTING
REPORTS OF
THEIR PROGRESS
REACH
HIM.....

INTELLIGENCE REPORTS
DEFINITELY, SIR, THAT AFTER
BOMBING ENEMY HANGARS AND
FIGHTING OFF PURSUIT
PLANES THEY ARE RETURNING
SAFELY



AS BRAVE MEN
THEY MUST BE
HONORED!! AS
FOOLS AND
VIOLATORS OF
REGULATIONS THEY
MUST BE PUNISHED!!

**AH! I WEEEL
DO BOTH!**

WE'RE LUCKY!
AFTER BREAKING
EVERY RULE IN
THE BOOK THE
OLD BRASS
HAT WILL HAVE
TO GIVE US
CREDIT....WE
GOT RESULTS!!



BY ORDER OF
THE COMMANDANT
YOU ARE UNDER
ARREST TO AWAIT
COURT MARTIAL
PROCEEDINGS!!



IS THIS A
GAG?

WAIT'LL
THEY HEAR
OF THIS
IN THE
GOOD OLD
U.S.A.!!

THE BOYS
FAIL
TO REALIZE
THEIR
FLIGHT
UNTIL
THEY
REACH
THE
PRISON!



ALL WE DID WAS ATTACK WITH A CAPTURED PLANE.. THEY CAN'T STICK US IN A CELL FOR THAT!

YEAH? WELL, THEY DID!!

YOUR WORDS ARE PRICELESS PEARLS, FAR BEYOND THE STUNTED WISDOM OF THE UNBEAUTIFUL BEARDED ONE! BUT IT IS WRITTEN THAT MANY PRISON LOCKS ARE OPENED BY PATIENCE!!

NOT IN THIS COOP!!



THE DREADED COMMANDANT PAUSES NEAR THE CELL AND HEARS HIMSELF DESCRIBED IN THE MOST UNCOMPLIMENTARY TERMS... HE SMILES GRIMLY AND TURNS AWAY...

HE'S SORE BECAUSE WE CAME OUT OF IT ALIVE!!

WE BOMBED THE ENEMY HANGAR TO MATCHWOOD AND SHOT DOWN EVERY PURSUIT JOB THEY SENT UP!!

AND IF WE CAPTURED THEIR WHOLE ARMY THE OLD GOAT WOULD HAVE US IN FRONT OF A FIRING SQUAD!!



CALL THE
GUARD!

THE BEWILDERED
FLIERS ARE
MARCHED INTO
THE PRESENCE OF
THE
COMMANDANT.....

YOU HAVE BEEN HELD
IN DETENTION FOR
NEEDLESSLY EXPOSING
YOURSELVES TO DANGER
FOR FLOUTING
DISCIPLINE!... !!
... BUT THAT IS PAST..

I HAVE OBTAINED AUTHORITY TO
DECORATE EACH OF YOU WITH THE
SYLVANIAN ORDER OF THE CROSS
AND THE PALMS.....

AND NOW....
WEEEL THE
HEROES OF
SYLVANIA BE
MY GUESTS AT
DINNER??

FOR HE'S A JOLLY
GOOD FELLOW!

ANOTHER
ADVENTURE OF THE
FLYING TRIO IN THE
NEXT ISSUE

JANE DRAKE DETECTIVE

ALTHOUGH HER FATHER, SHELDON DRAKE, HAS WARNED HER TO STAY APART FROM HIS LEGAL AND CRIMINAL AFFAIRS, JANE HAS CONSTANTLY INTERFERED, BUT THE RESULTS ALWAYS HAVE BEEN FAVORABLE. WHILE HER FATHER OCCUPIES HIMSELF AT HIS OFFICE, JANE HAS BEEN READING THE NEWSPAPER...

THE PAPER SAYS THEY'VE GOT MORRELLI AT LAST!

YES, AND THE D.A. IS SEEING HIM TOMORROW: THIS ADMINISTRATION IS GOING TO CLEAN UP THE CITY ALL RIGHT!

THE CAPTURE OF MORELLI IS VERY IMPORTANT. HE'S A KEY MAN IN THE CRIMINAL STRUCTURE WE'RE TRYING TO TEAR DOWN. NOW JANE DEAR, PLEASE BE A GOOD GIRL AND LEAVE. I'VE STACKS OF WORK TO DO!

OKEY-DOKE, BUT SOME DAY YOU'LL BE SORRY YOU MADE ME LEAVE!

SHE SNEAKS AROUND TO THE BACK AND FINDS AN OPEN WINDOW WITH THE BLIND DOWN BUT ROOM ENOUGH FOR HER TO PEEK THROUGH. IT IS THE ROOM SHE SAW TWO SUSPICIOUS LOOKING MEN WALK INTO.

SO MORELLI THINKS HE'S GONNA SQUEAL ON US, DOES HE? WELL, WE FIXED THAT - THE RAT!

IS EVERYTHING FIXED?

IN HER UNQUENCHABLE THIRST FOR CRIMES AND CRIMINALS, JANE WANDERS TOWARDS THE RIVER HOUSE, A KNOWN HANGOUT FOR THUGS NEAR THE WATERFRONT.

SURE, WE'RE GONNA GET HIM OUT ON 2 GRAND BAIL JUST LIKE WE WAS HIS FRIENDS. THEN, WE'RE GONNA BUMP HIM OFF, LEAVING A SUICIDE NOTE IN HIS POCKET SO THE COPS WON'T SUSPECT US!

?

AND TO HER SURPRISE SHE SEES SOMETHING THAT LOOKS SUSPICIOUS.

JANE RACES BACK TO HER FATHER'S OFFICE AND RELAYS THE NEWS

THEY'RE GOING TO KILL MORELLI! HOLY JEHOSEPHAT, BUT HE WAS BAILED OUT IN THE CUSTODY OF THOSE WOODLUMS AN HOUR AGO!



HELLO, POLICE CHIEF DUGAN? DRAKE! LISTEN, YOU MUST GET MORELLI BACK... IF THEY BUMP HIM OFF, YOU'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO CATCH THE OTHERS AND THE MORAL RESPONSIBILITY FOR HIS MURDER WILL REST ON US!



AND SO JANE LOOKS UP HER COMPANION, JERRY, FOR ASSISTANCE

WHY DON'T YOU LET ME SEE WHAT I CAN DO?

NOW, SEE HERE, JANE, I'M GRATEFUL FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE BUT, FROM NOW ON, IT'S A MAN'S WORK. DON'T GET YOURSELF INTO ANY TANGLES. I'M IN ONE AS IT IS!



WHY DON'T YOU WANT TO HELP ME, JERRY? YOU WANT TO SEE THOSE HOODLUMS WHO THREW STENCH BOMBS INTO THE MOVIES LAST WEEK GET WHAT THEY DESERVE DON'T YOU?

YEAH... BUT... OKAY! WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?



SO... JANE REVEALS HER PLAN TO JERRY

AND THAT NIGHT, JERRY, DISGUISED AS A NEWS BOY, WANDERS INTO THE BACK ROOM OF THE RIVER HOUSE.

WANNA BUY AN EVENING NEWSPAPER?

G'WAN, GET OUT OF HERE! CAN'T YOU SEE THIS IS PRIVATE! HOW'D YOU GET BACK HERE PUNK?

WAIT A MINUTE! HOW DO WE KNOW THIS FRESH KID AIN'T UP TO SOMETHING! HEY BUTCH, GRAB HIM, WE'RE GONNA TAKE HIM ON THAT LITTLE RIDE WITH US AND GIVE A DOSE OF THE SAME MEDICINE WE'RE GONNA GIVE OUR PAL, MORELLI!



IT IS EVENING. THE THUGS LEAD MORELL AND JERRY, BOTH BOUND AND GAGGED, TO THE WHARF.

GET IN THERE, STUPID!

THEY'VE GOT JERRY, TOO! HURRY FATHER! THE RIVER HOUSE!

THEY WENT IN THAT DIRECTION!

YOU HEARD WHAT SHE SAID, BOYS. GIVE IT THE GUN!

CONCEALED IN SEMI-DARKNESS, JANE SEES THE LAUNCH TAKING OFF IN THE WATER. THE SILHOUETTED FIGURES OF THE MEN HUDDLED IN THE BOAT.

DRAKE AND THE POLICE MAKE A QUICK DASH FOR THE WHARF...

THEY TAKE AN ANCHOR AND A TUG BOAT AND ARE IN THE DIRECTION OF THE WHARF.

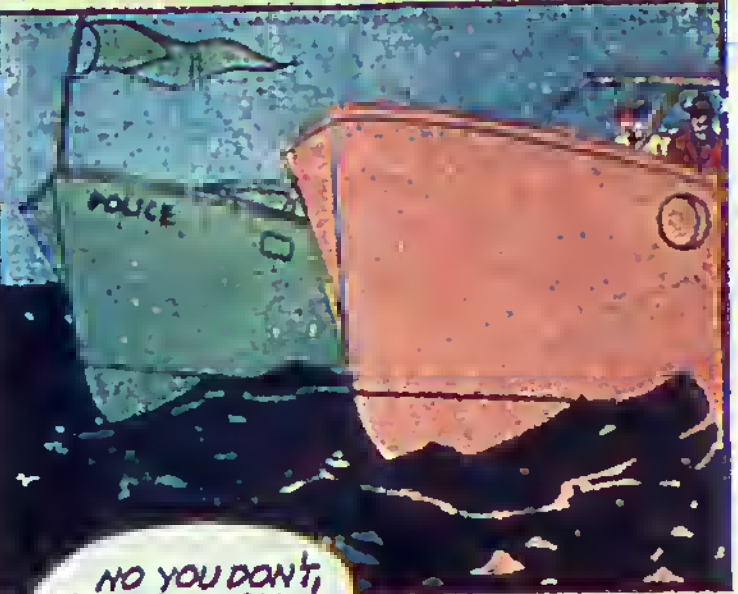
WITH A BOAR OF 18 HORSEPOWER
PATROL CRUISER 5-409 AS
AFTER THE OTHER CRUISE



ALL RIGHT
YOU MEN. HANDS
UP! STAND BY,
WE'RE COMING
ABOARD!



AFTER AN HOUR OF RECKLESS DASHING
THROUGH THE HEAVY SEA, THE POLICE
CRUISER OVERTAKES ITS PREY.



NO YOU DON'T,
COPPER. YOU
MAKE ONE
MOVE AND WE'LL
SHOOT THIS KID,
THE DIRTY
LITTLE
SPY!



JANE, RE-
ALIZING
THE SERI-
OUSNESS
OF THIS
THREAT
WANTS TO
HEAR NO
MORE AND
RUNS TO
THE OP-
POSITE
SIDE OF
THE
POLICE
CRUISER-
PUTS A
KNIFE
BETWEEN
HER
TEETH....!



I HOPE I
TOOK A DEEP
ENOUGH
BREATH TO
MAKE
IT!



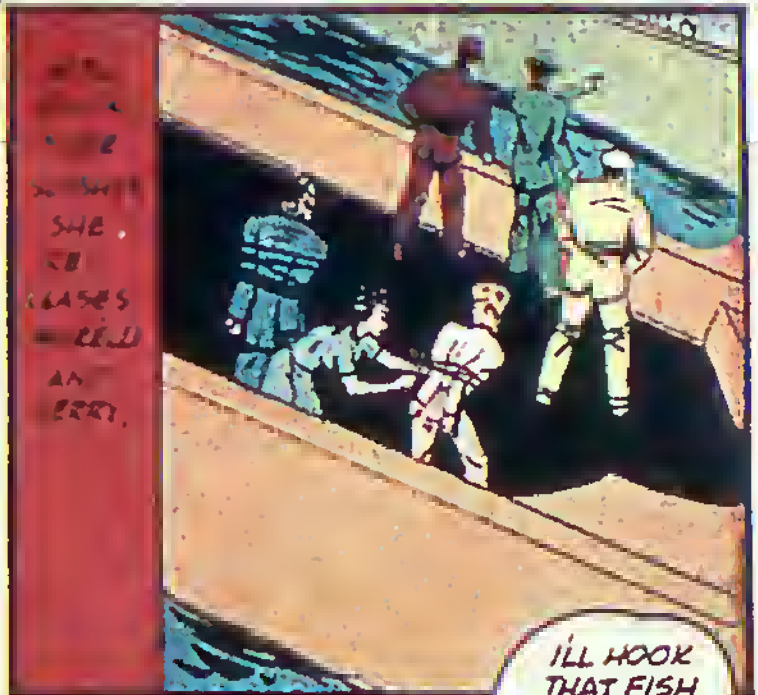
...AN SHE
CAME UP
ON THE
OTHER
SIDE OF
THE BOAT
W...
THE THUGS
ARRANGED
GROUNDED
W...
POLICE.

JERRY FORTUNATELY SEES HER IN THE WATER AND HAVING HIS LEGS FREE HELPS HER ABOARD WHILE HIS CAPTORS ARE BUSY EXCHANGING WORDS WITH THE POLICE.



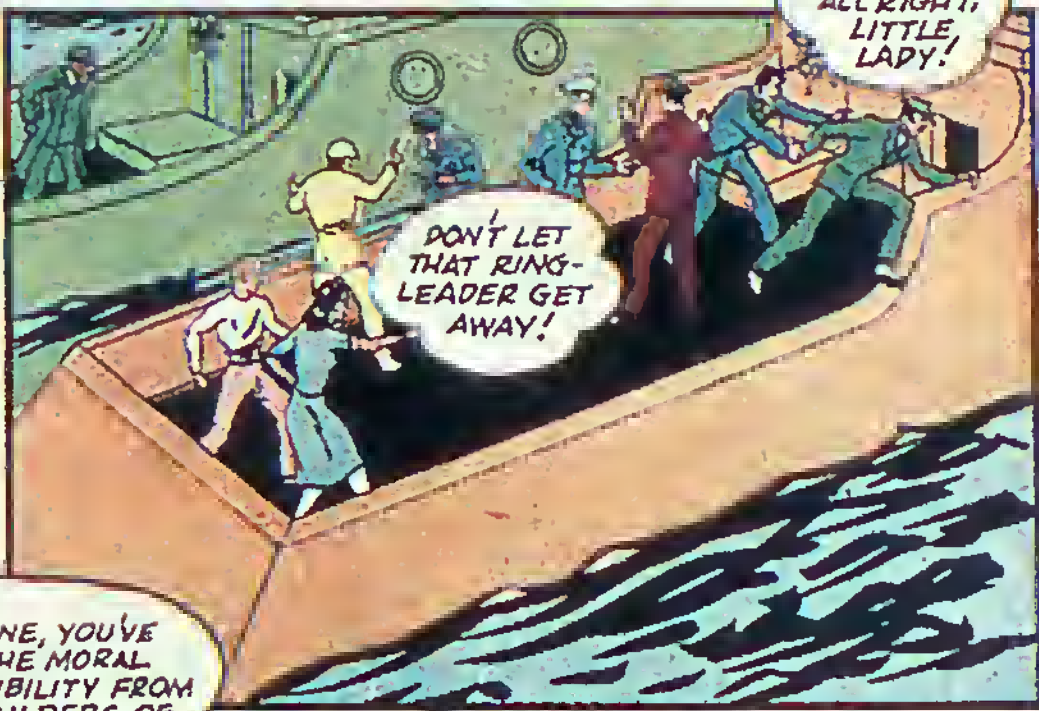
TELL YOUR MEN TO HOLD FIRE. THEY MIGHT HIT JANE OR JERRY!

FIRE NOTHING! WE'RE GOING ABOARD! COME ON, BOYS!!



SHE RELEASES JERRY.

I'LL HOOK THAT FISH ALL RIGHT, LITTLE LADY!



DON'T LET THAT RING-LEADER GET AWAY!

WELL JANE, YOU'VE LIFTED THE MORAL RESPONSIBILITY FROM THE SHOULDERS OF THE CHIEF AND MYSELF, BUT PLEASE - I BEG OF YOU, DON'T GET INTO THESE JAMS AGAIN!

I COULDN'T HELP IT, DAD, YOU'LL HAVE TO BLAME THE WHOLE THING ON MY WOMAN'S INTUITION!



SEE NEXT MONTH'S JANE DRAKE DETECTIVE FOR ANOTHER EXCITING CHAPTER IN THE LIFE OF A YOUNG GIRL AND BOY WHO ALWAYS GET THEMSELVES IN TROUBLE -

ALEC

"AND THE REIGN OF YANG"
by R. Johnson

ALEC IS STILL CAPTIVE ON YANG'S SUBMARINE. HE COTEN. IN SELF YTO SO MUCH TROUBLE WITH HIS PARROT. YANG IS SO HE'D COME TO HIS SENSES —



HAW! HAW!
SO MY YOUNG FOOL
YOU AND THAT BIRD OF
YOURS WILL HAVE A
LITTLE MORE RESPECT
FOR ME NOW!

C'M'RE - YOU -
I'M NOT THROUGH!

I'LL BE
GOOD MR. YANG,
CALL OFF YOUR
DOG!




OKAY!
BORIS, LET
HIM GO NOW.
PUT HIM BACK
IN HIS CELL!


SEE WHAT TROUBLE
YOU ALWAYS GET
ME IN! WHY
CAN'T YOU
KEEP YOUR
MOUTH SHUT!

AW SHUCKS,
BOSS. I ONLY
DO WHAT I
THINK IS
RIGHT!







DESPITE EVERYTHING, THAT
PARROT AND DOPEY LOOKING
SAILOR IS FUNNY - THINK
I'LL SEND FOR 'EM' AGAIN
TO AMUSE ME!




I'LL GIVE YOU ONE MORE
GHANCE BEFORE FEEDING
YOU TWO TO THE FISHES-AMUSE
ME LAUGH! AMUSE ME!
DO SOMETHING FUNNY!



GOSH, TOOTSIE, WE
HAFTA BECOME COMEDIANS
WELL, IT'S BETTER THAN BEING
FED TO THE FISHES! SING
A SONG TO MR. YANG!



♪ THERE WAS A GUY,
BY THE NAME OF YANG!
EVERYTHING HE DID
HE DID WITH A BANG!
♪ ♪ ♪



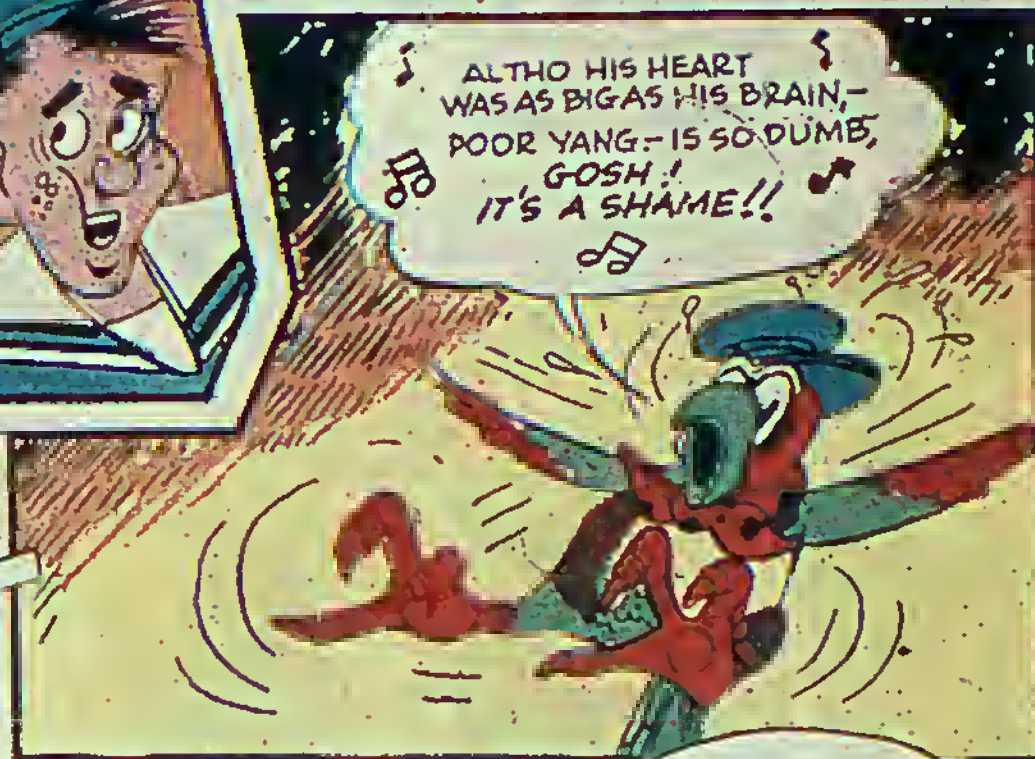
BUT GOSH! I CAN'T
SING - BUT I'LL
TRY.



HE HAD A HEART
AS BIG AS HIS HEAD!
AT NIGHT, HE DIDN'T
KNOW WHERE TO PUT HIS
PILLOW
WHEN HE WENT TO BED!



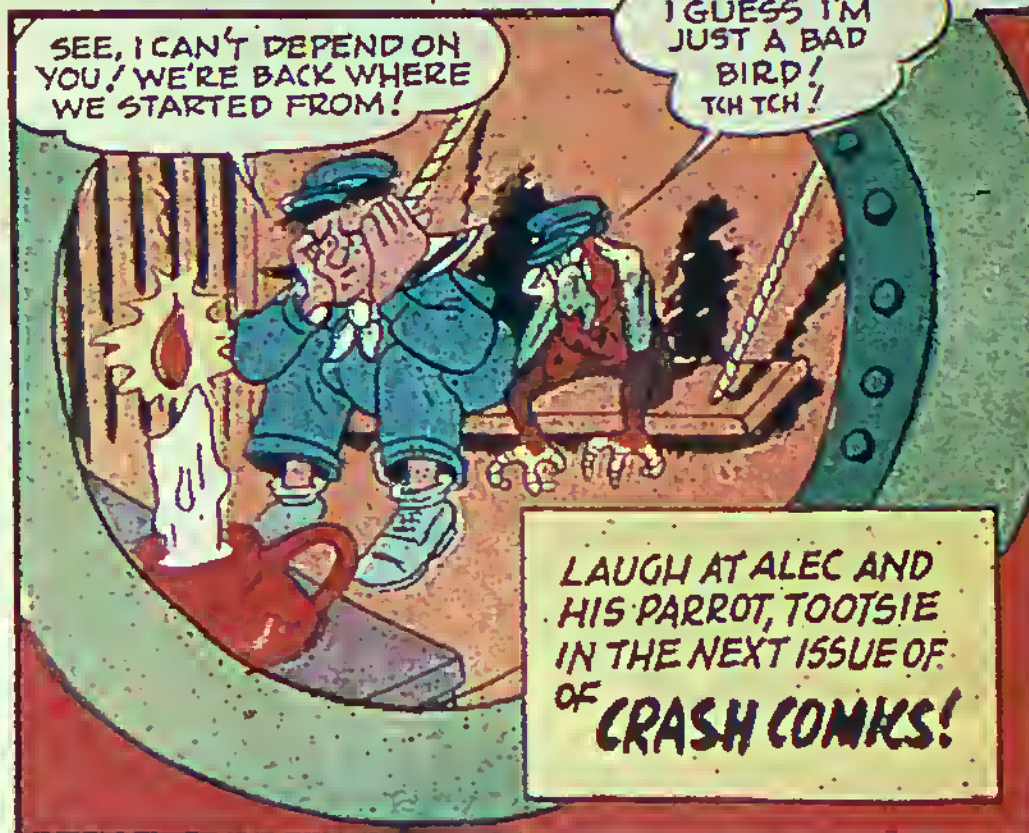
HO, HO
HO, HO!



ALTHO HIS HEART
WAS AS BIG AS HIS BRAIN,
POOR YANG- IS SO DUMB,
GOSH!
IT'S A SHAME!!



GRRRR-
I'M MAD
AGAIN!!



SEE, I CAN'T DEPEND ON
YOU! WE'RE BACK WHERE
WE STARTED FROM!

I GUESS I'M
JUST A BAD
BIRD!
TCH TCH!

LAUGH AT ALEC AND
HIS PARROT, TOOTSIE
IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF
CRASH COMICS!

SHANGRA

WITH JOAN JOYCE AND JACK FLYNN, REPORTERS.

TWO AMERICAN NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS, JOAN JOYCE AND JACK FLYNN, ON AN AIRPLANE TRIP OVER TIBET ARE FORCED DOWN. THEY FIND THEMSELVES IN THE MYSTIC LAND OF SHANGRA, OVER WHICH A 200 YEAR OLD POTENTATE RULES. HIS GREAT, GREAT, GREAT GRAND-DAUGHTER LONNA, IS ENAMORED OF JACK AND WISHES TO WED HIM, THEREBY MAKING HIM KING OF SHANGRALAND IN PLACE OF THE OLD MAN WHO YEARNS TO RETIRE. JOAN HAS BEEN IMPRISONED WHILE JACK, BEING PREPARED FOR THE CEREMONY, FINDS HIMSELF ATTIRED IN RICH CELESTIAL ROBES.

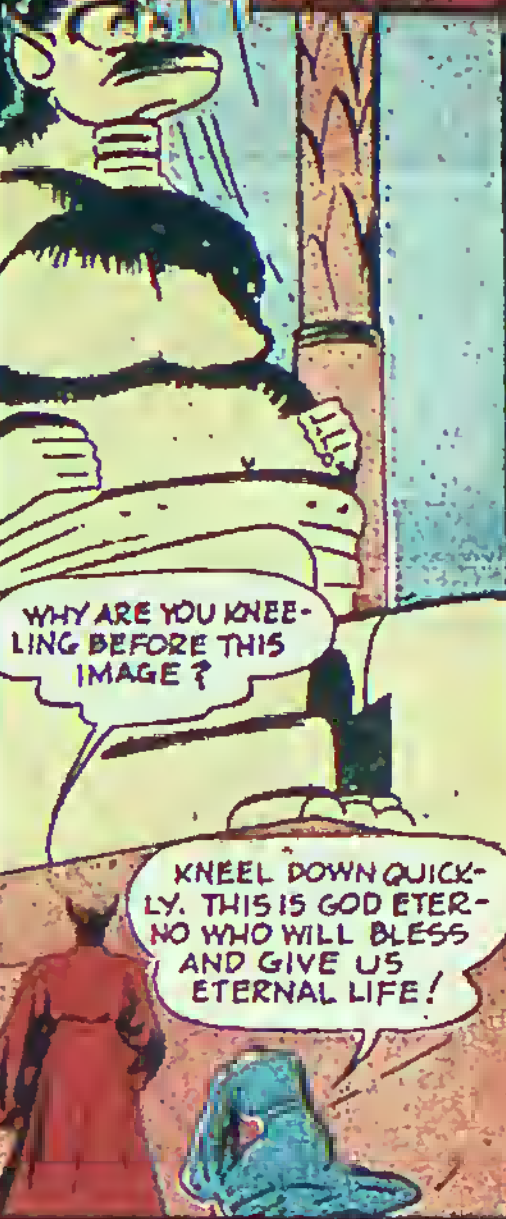
BY NAM CHANG PO
DRAWINGS BY PASSILANG R. TWP

HE IS ABOUT TO BE LED AWAY BY SHANGRA'S GUARDS.

WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?
WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

YOU ARE BEING TAKEN TO
THE SACRED MOUNTAIN TOP
WHERE YOU WILL WED MY
GREAT, GREAT, GREAT GRAND-
DAUGHTER, LONNA, QUEEN
OF SHANGRALAND!

THEY ARE AT THE SUMMIT.
THE GROUP STANDS BEFORE A



WHY ARE YOU KNEE-
LING BEFORE THIS
IMAGE?

KNEEL DOWN QUICK-
LY. THIS IS GOD ETER-
NO WHO WILL BLESS
AND GIVE US
ETERNAL LIFE!



THE CLOUD IS SEEN SLOWLY
WENDING ITS WAY UP THE RAIN-
SLOPED TOWARDS A MOUNTAIN.



JACK AND LONNA KNEEL WHILE HUGE BOLTS OF LIGHTNING STRIKE AT THEM FROM THE STONE WAGE. BUT THEY ARE UNHARMED.

AS THEY ARRIVE AT THE SCENE OF THE WEDDING CEREMONY, SHANGRA STEPS FORTH TO MEET THEM.

WELCOME, BRIDEGROOM. I AM GLAD TO SEE YOU HAVE ABANDONED YOUR FOOLISH EFFORTS TO ESCAPE!

LOOKS AS I HAVE NO CHOICE IN THE MATTER!

THE FANTASTIC CEREMONY BEGINS ---

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

IT IS THE ANCIENT SHANGRALAND WEDDING CUSTOM!



AND WHILE THE GUARDS RESTRAIN JACK, THE HIGH PRIEST ADVANCES TOWARD HIM AND REPEATS HIS RITUAL.



THE HIGH PRIEST STRIDES FORWARD, AND WITH A QUICK THRUST, CUTS INTO LONNA'S ARM!



LONNA'S AND JACK'S ARMS CROSSED ... WOUND AGAINST WOUND, AS THE BLOODS MIX AND OVERRUN THE ARMS.



YOU HAVE BEEN WELDED TOGETHER IN BLOOD AS MAN AND WIFE, AS KING AND QUEEN OF SHANGRALAND!



AS JACK STANDS OVERCOME BY THE EVENTS WHICH HAVE BEFALLEN HIM, THE PEOPLE OF SHANGRALAND YOKE THEIR JUDGMENT.



COME, MY SON, YOU WILL REJOIN YOUR BRIDE LATER NOW, I MUST INVEST YOU WITH THE SECRETS OF MY SORCERY AND PERPETUAL LIFE. COME TO MY CHAMBERS!

BEFORE I LOSE MY MORTAL SOUL, I WANT TO SEVER ALL CONNECTIONS WITH THE OUTSIDE WORLD, LET ME SAY GOODBYE TO JOAN!

IF THAT IS YOUR LAST WISH, IT SHALL BE FULFILLED. GUARD TAKE HIM TO THE AMERICAN GIRL IN THE PRISON!

JACK IS LEP DEEP INTO THE EARTH, THROUGH SUBTERRANEAN PASSAGES, ACROSS PLANKS, THAT BRIDGE, THE DANK CROCODILE PITS AND RIVERS OF MOLTEN LAVA.



AS JACK ENTERS JOAN'S CELL SHE FLINGS HERSELF AT HIM IN EMBRACE.

OH, DARLING, I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T LEAVE ME. WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU?

I AM THE NEW KING OF SHANGRALAND. DON'T TOUCH ME!!



GUARDS!!! LEAVE US ALONE!



YOU DOUBLE CROSSER! GET OUT OF HERE!

WAIT A MINUTE! DON'T YOU SEE, I COULDN'T SPEAK BEFORE THE GUARDS. I HAVE TO PLAY BALL WITH THEM. I'M TRYING TO WORK OUT A WAY TO GET US OUT OF THIS INFERNAL PLACE!



AS THEY EXCHANGE
BRANDY GLANCES, A
PUFF OF SMOKE SE



I KNEW I COULD
NOT TRUST YOU, MY
SON. I OVERHEARD
YOU BUT YOUR PLOT
SHALL BE OF NO
AVAIL. YOU SHALL
NEVER SEE THIS
GIRL AGAIN!



AT SHANG-RA'S CALL, THE GUARDS
REAPPEAR!

TAKE HIM TO MY ROOM!

OH, NO YOU
DON'T!



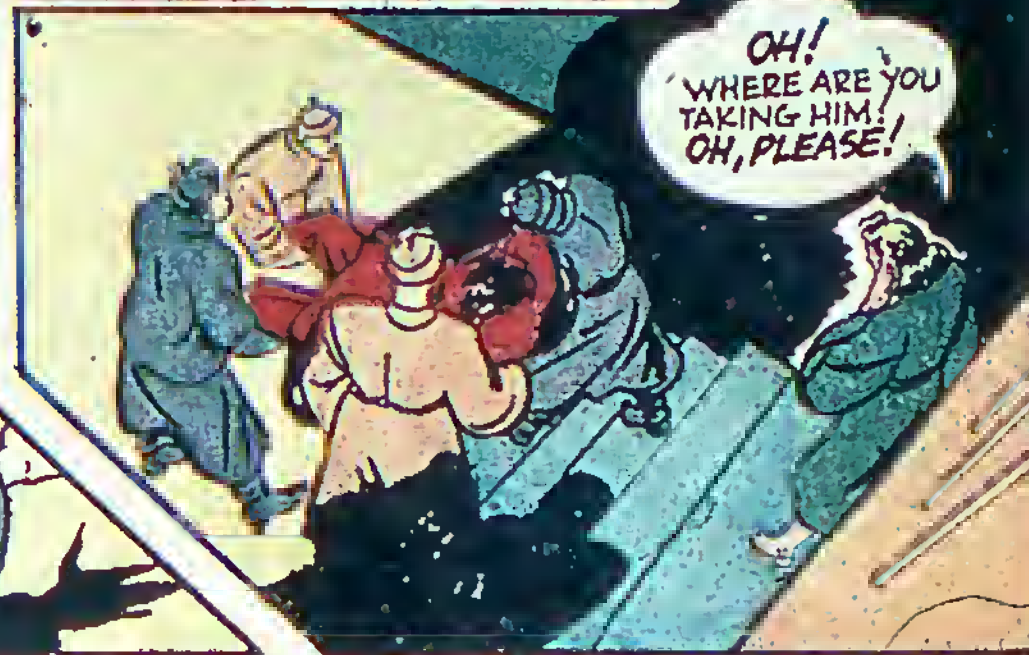
JACK PUNCHES THE
GUARDS WHILE ...



A HEAVY
STICK OF AN
UNSEEN
GUARD LANDS
A TERRIFIC
WALLOP
UPON HIS
HEAD!



UNCONSCIOUS FROM THE BLOW ON THE
HEAD, JACK IS CARRIED AWAY!

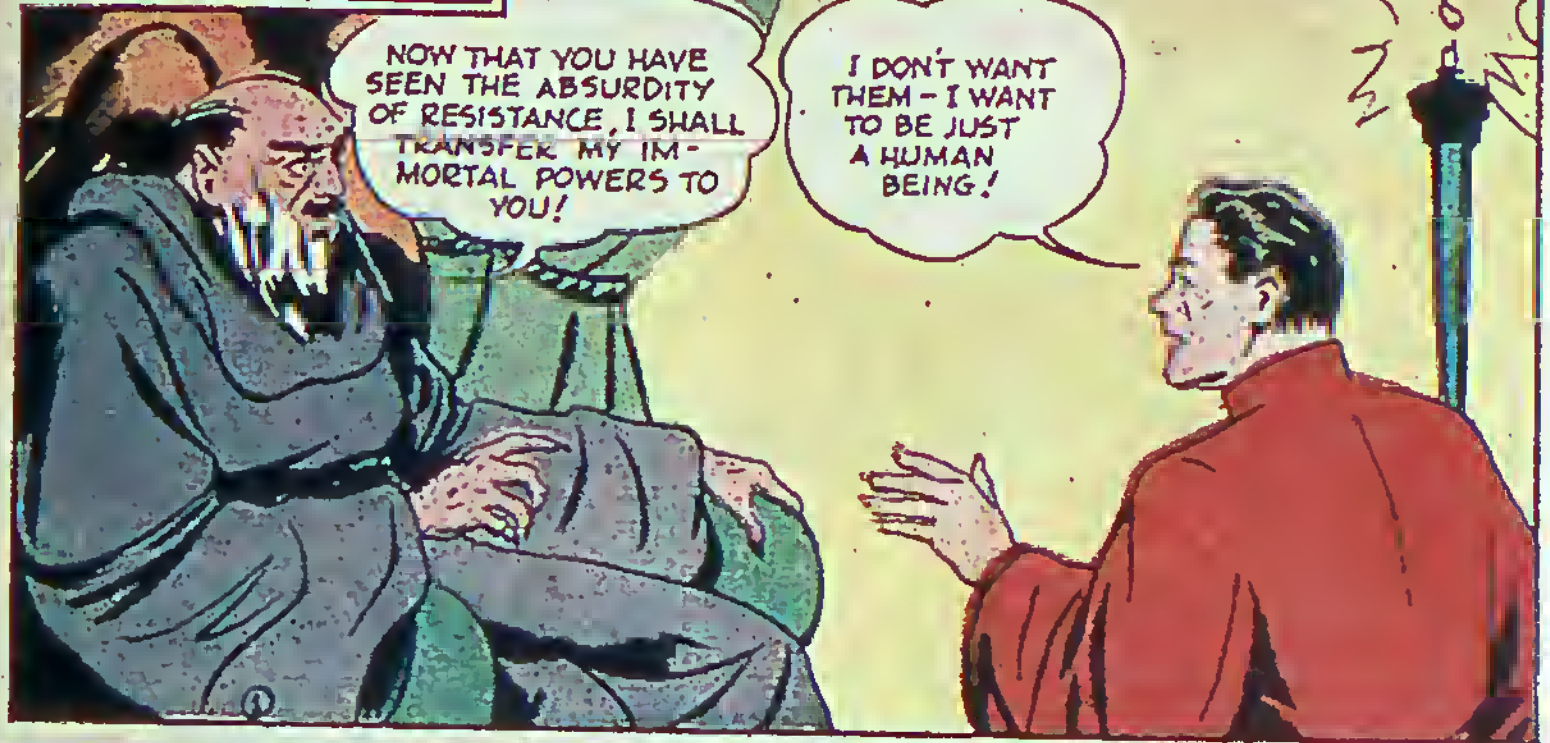


OH!
WHERE ARE YOU
TAKING HIM!
OH, PLEASE!

IN SHANGRA'S CHAMBER...

NOW THAT YOU HAVE SEEN THE ABSURDITY OF RESISTANCE, I SHALL TRANSFER MY IMMORTAL POWERS TO YOU!

I DON'T WANT THEM - I WANT TO BE JUST A HUMAN BEING!



YOUR SOUL, YOUR HEART, AND YOUR MIND BELONG TO SHANGRA AND HIS TRIBE!



NO!

HOLY JEHOASHAPHAT! I ALMOST BROKE MY HAND!



BUT IN A FRACTION OF A SECOND, SHANGRA HAD TURNED HIMSELF TO STONE!



SUDDENLY, TARA, THE QUEEN'S COURIER, ENTERS, AND SHANGRA RESUMES HIS NORMAL STATE!

THE QUEEN, LONNA, REQUESTS THAT HER HUSBAND JOIN HER AT ONCE IN HER STUDY!

HER WISH IS MY COMMAND - TAKE HIM!



JACK'S PATIENCE REACHES AN END AND IN DESPERATION HE STRIKES THE OLD MAN!

GO TO YOUR WIFE, AND I WARN YOU, TRY NOTHING FOOLISH!



IN THE CORRIDOR JACK SLUGS TARA AND KNOCKS HIM OUT! THEN HE RACES TO JOAN'S SIDE!

NOW TO GET JOAN FREE!



AS WE SEE... NO
AL-EDGUA DS...
5

SORRY BOYS, NOT THIS TIME!



HE ENCOUNTERS MORE
RESISTANCE

GO! I YOUR KING
COMMAND YOU TO
'LEAVE!



AS THEY BREAK FOR
FREEDOM, A NEW PAT-
ROL ON DUTY, SPY JACK
AND JOAN.

AFTER THEM!
DO NOT LET THEM
ESCAPE!



BUT THEY ELUDE THEIR PUR-
SUERS IN THE LAP OF THEIR
MAD DASH AND SUCCEED
IN CROSSING THE CROCODILE
PIT.

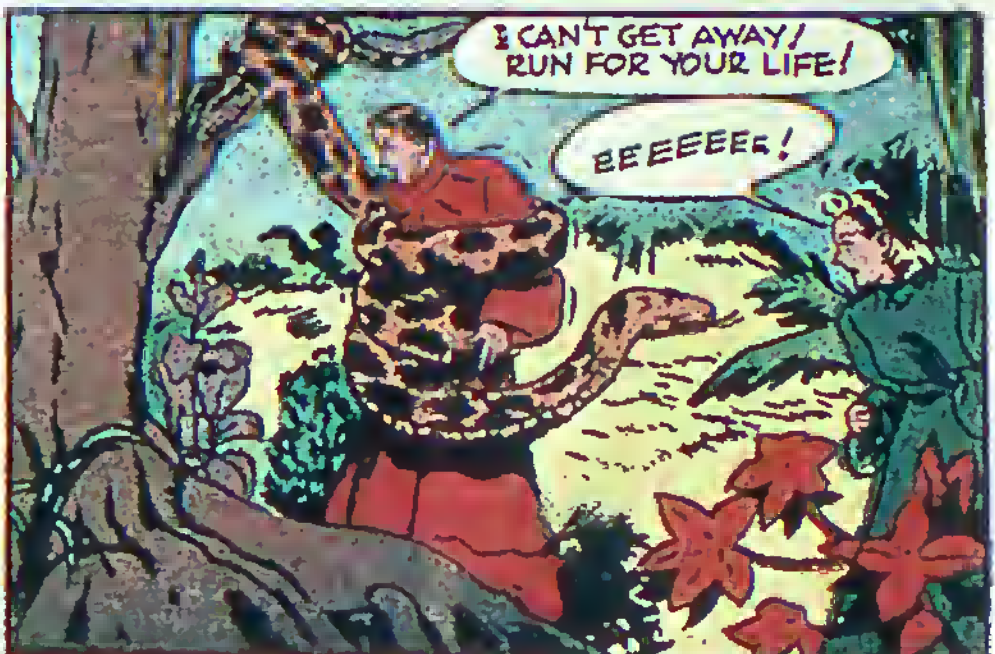


SUDDENLY, A
HUGE PYTHON DESCENDS,
TO DROP ITS DEAD-
LY COILS ABOUT JACK.



I CAN'T GET AWAY!
RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!

EEEEEE!



MEANWHILE, LONNYA, IMPATIENT AT JACK'S DELAY, SETS OUT TO FIND HIM, ESCORTED BY HER PRIVATE CORPS OF WARRIORS.



AS THEY PASS BY AN OPEN WINDOW THEY HEAR THE DISTANT CALL OF A VOICE....

YOUR MAJESTY, THERE MUST BE TROUBLE SOMEWHERE IN THE WOODS, NEAR THE PIT!

HURRY FOOLS, LET US SEE WHAT IS WRONG!

HELP!
HELP!

THEY DASH TO THE DIRECTION OF THE DISTRESS CRIES, AND FIND JACK IN THE COILS OF THE TREMENDOUS PYTHON!

LONNYA'S GUARDS ARRIVE JUST IN TIME AND AFTER CONSIDERABLE TROUBLE THEY KILL THE PYTHON AND RELEASE JACK, SAVING HIS LIFE.

IN A FEW MOMENTS JACK RECOVERS AND AFTER THANKING LONNYA FOR SAVING HIS LIFE....

HE IS BEING CRUSHED! QUICKLY, HACK IT TO PIECES!

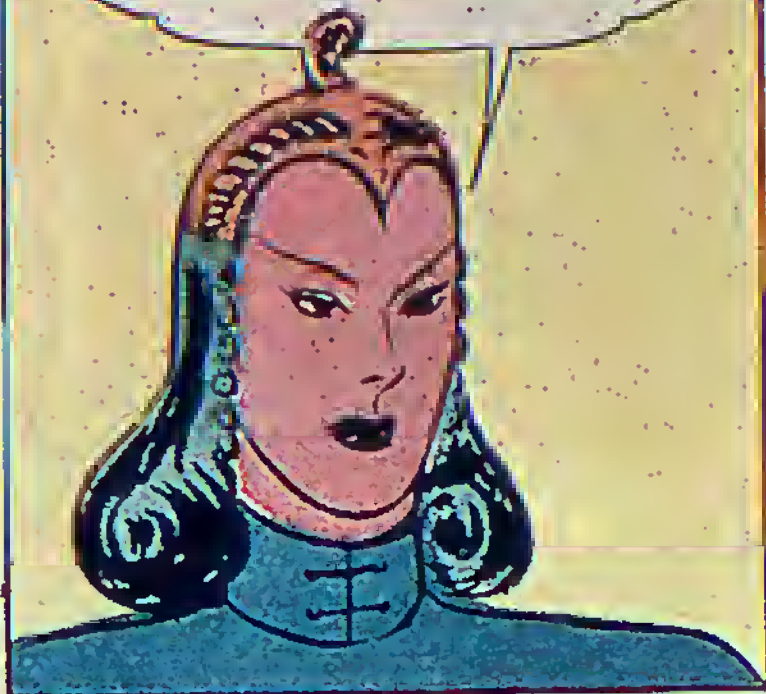
I REALIZE YOU CAN NEVER BE HAPPY WITH ME SO LONG AS THIS GIRL IS ALIVE. I AM GOING TO MAKE YOU HAPPY THEN!



SO NOW WE SHALL BRING-
THIS TO AN END!



I WILL SEE TO IT THAT YOUR
THOUGHTS NO LONGER
WILL BE OF JOAN TOKA!
OFF WITH HER HEAD!!



UPON LONNA'S FIRM
COMMAND TOKA, WITH
A GLEAMING BOLO IN
HIS HAND, GRABS JOAN
FROM JACK!

LEAVE ME ALONE!
LET ME
GO!



JOAN WAS A
PRINCESS OF
THE
PIT

STOP! IF YOU SO MUCH AS TOUCH
THAT GIRL, I'LL DROP YOUR QUEEN
TO THE CROCODILES BELOW!



LOANNA
ORDERS HER
MEN TO RELEASE JOAN

LEAVE HER ALONE!!
I COMMAND IT.
HE WILL DROP ME!



AND NOW WE SHALL LEAVE
SHANGRALAND, BUT WE ARE
TAKING YOU ALONG AS HOSTAGE!

YOU FOOL - YOU
CANNOT GET FAR -
YOU ARE AT OUR
MERCY!



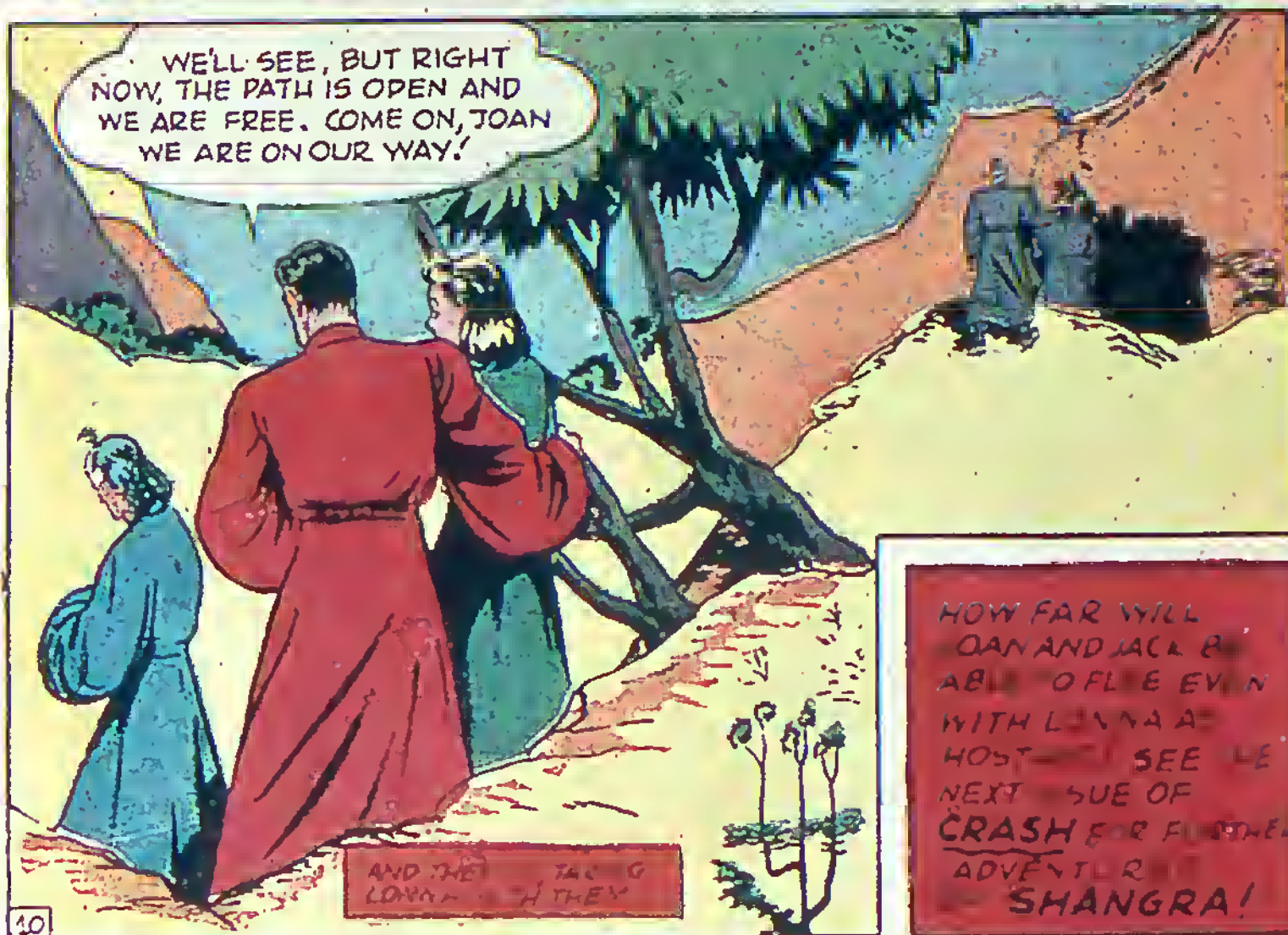
SUDDENLY
SHANGRA
APPEARS!

WHILE YOU HOLD MY
PRECIOUS GRAND-
DAUGHTER, I FEAR
TO DO YOU HARM.
SO, GO, BUT BE CARE-
FUL FOR I SHALL
WATCH YOU EVERY
STEP OF THE WAY!

SHANGRA?



A BLAZING FLAME ACCOMPANIED BY SMOKE ENVELOPES SHANGRA AND HE DISAPPEARS AS SUDDENLY AS HE CAME.



HOW FAR WILL QAN AND JACK BE ABLE TO FLEE EVEN WITH LONNA AS HOST? SEE THE NEXT ISSUE OF CRASH FOR FURTHER ADVENTURE WITH SHANGRA!

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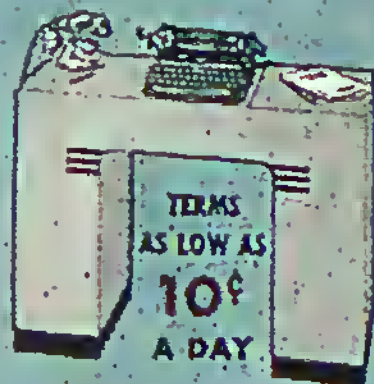
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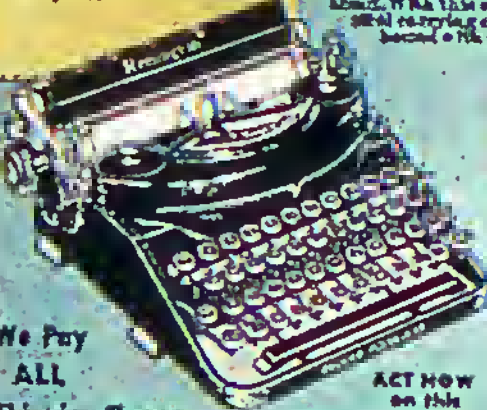
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